

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 55.—No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY. The Programme will include:—Overture, *The Enchanted Forest* (Beneiliet), first time at these concerts; Violin Concerto, No. 9, in D (Spohr), first time at these concerts; Symphony in G minor (Mozart); Solos for Violin—Sarlalnde and Tambourine (Léclair); Three Hungarian Dances (Brahms and Joachim); Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner). Vocalists—Mrs Osgood and Miss Mary Cummings (her first appearance). Solo Violin—Herr Joachim. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Area or Gallery Seats (unnumbered), One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Friday, June 22, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 25, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will shortly be published.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. The programme of the next Concert will include the following popular songs:—"By the margin of fair Zurich's waters" and "Robin Red Breast" (Mdmé Sherrington); "Strangers Yet" and "She wore a wreath of roses" (Mdmé Enriquez); "Will he come?" and "The Meeting of the Waters" (Mdmé Antoinette Sterling); "Good-bye, Sweetheart" and "My Pretty Jane" (Mr Sims Reeves); "Good Night, Beloved" and "Sally in our Alley" (Mr Edward S. Lloyd); "The Vicar of Bray" (Mr Maybrick). Mdmé Arabella Goddard will perform "On Song's Bright Pinions," by Mendelssohn (Heller), and "Fra Diavolo," by Jules de Sival. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker, Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & Co., 295, Regent Street.

RUBINSTEIN.

RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN will give his **FIRST PIANO-FORTE RECITAL** this Season at **ST JAMES'S HALL**, on April 30, at Three o'clock. Tickets now ready, and may be obtained at the principal Musicsellers and Librarians, and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

RUBINSTEIN'S RECITALS.—Liverpool, March 3rd; Manchester, 6th; Hull, 7th; Bradford, 8th; Sheffield, 9th; Nottingham, 12th; Birmingham, 13th; Leeds, 15th; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 20th; Dundee, 22nd; Edinburgh, 24th; Glasgow, 26th; Dublin, April 2nd; Southsea, 13th; Brighton, 14th; Bristol, 17th.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—President—SIR JULIUS BENEDEICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Eleventh Season, 1877. The **FIRST CONCERT** will take place at the **LANGHAM HALL**, on WEDNESDAY Evening next, the 28th inst.; Schubert's compositions forming the first part of the programme. The following Members will appear on this occasion:—Mesdames Louise Gage, Emma Berthold, Helvert, Grosvenor, Lillie Albrecht, Kate Whitlaw, Ada Lester; Messrs Arvi, Trevis, Prenton, Carl Hause, Klein, and Schubert.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR. Twenty-second Season, 1877. **FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.** FRIDAY next, March 2, **ST JAMES'S HALL**, Eight o'clock. Sacred and Secular Music, including Bach's Motet for Double Choir, "I will sing unto the Lord" (first time of performance in England). Soloists—Miss Robertson, Miss De Fonblanque (her first appearance in London), and Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Mr J. G. Calcott. Organ—Mr John O. Ward. Conductor—MR HENRY LESLIE. Tickets, 7s., 3s., 2s. Admission, One Shilling. To be obtained at Austin's Office, St James's Hall; and all Music Publishers.

MISS FLORENCE MAY'S TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS, LANGHAM HALL, 43, Great Portland Street, THURSDAY Afternoons, March 1 and 15, at Half-past Three o'clock. The programmes will include works by Beethoven, Rameau, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Bach, Handel, Brahms, Oliver, May, Pergolesi, Alberti, Bennett, and Weber. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—THIRD SESSION, 1877-8. FOURTH MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, March 5, 1877. At Five p.m. precisely, a Paper will be read by Dr W. MOLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon., on "The Philosophy of Harmony." CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play, at the First Concert of the Eleventh Season of the Schubert Society, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 28, at the Langham Hall, J. RÖNTGEN'S SONATA for PIANO and VIOLON-CELLO, with HERR SCHUBERTH (ANDANTE CON MOTO and ALLEGRO MODERATO); and, for Pianoforte alone, THALBERG'S GRAND FANTASIA on "MOSE IN EGITTO."—38, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her **FOURTH ANNUAL MATINEE** will take place early in March, at LOWNDEN SQUARE, Belgravia, by kind permission of George Eyre, Esq. Further particulars will shortly be announced.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his very popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Brighton, Feb. 26 and 29; Chatham, March 13.

"KILLARNEY."

MISS CATHERINE PENNA will sing BALFE's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Mr Henry Nicholson's Concert, Leicester, on Tuesday, Feb. 27, and at Sheffield, March 2.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR ALFRED BAYLIS will sing the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on March 1, at Birmingham; and Stoke, March 2.

WANTED immediately, a thoroughly efficient **ORGANIST** and **CHOIRMASTER**, for the Parish Church of Sevenoaks, Kent. Salary, £75 per annum. Duties—Three services on Sunday, and Festivals, and daily in the evening. None but a Communicant need apply. Age not above 40. Applications, with testimonials of recent dates, to be sent to the **VESTRY CLERK** not later than the 2nd March next.

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MR ARTHUR SHELLEY (ARTURO GARDA), after several years' career in Italy, has accepted an Engagement as **FIRST TENOR**, Imperial Italian Opera Company, and makes his *Debut* at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, in the *Traviata*, on Tuesday, 20th inst. Letters respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Italian or English Opera, Oratorio, or Concerts—Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow.

MR SHAKESPEARE requests that all Communications concerning **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed —6, Howick Place, Victoria Street, S.W.

MDME ENRIQUEZ begs that all communications be addressed to her at No. 5, OAKLEY SQUARE, N.W.

MR WILFORD MORGAN requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to his residence, 18, Surrey Street, W.C.

MR GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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A one.	A boatman's life for me.
Come where the tangled beeches grow.	My Lily.
My Darling's Last Smile.	Sing, dearest, sing.
Fair sounds the harp now.	Many weary years ago.
Friendship, Love, and Wine.	Return of the Exile.
Let each speak of the world as he finds it.	Glory or the Grave.
Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.	The Alpine Hunter.
The Piquet.	Heavenly Voices.
	Gentle Flowers.
	The Buckles on her Shoes.
	The Flight of the Birds.

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MR JOHN OXENFORD.

(From the "Times.")

Mr John Oxenford died on Wednesday morning at his residence in Trinity Square. He had suffered nearly two years from severe bronchitis, and more than once very slight hopes were entertained of his recovery. Nevertheless, he rallied from time to time, could see and converse cheerfully with his intimate friends, and the chance of his ultimate cure was by no means thought improbable. When least expected, however, he died—calmly, without pain, and retaining his faculties to the last. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease.

For thirty years and more John Oxenford has been a conspicuous figure in the literary world. Though chiefly, if not exclusively, known to outsiders as a dramatist and dramatic critic, he was recognised by many competent to judge as one of the ripest and most variously endowed scholars of our time. Born at Camberwell, on the 12th of August, 1812, though brought up for the legal calling, he early in life took to literature as a favourite pursuit, caring little for a profession in which, with his remarkable intellectual powers, he might have earned brilliant success. But Oxenford was instinctively a lover of books—a devourer of books would be the more emphatic and truer expression. Considering his extraordinary attainments, it seems incredible that he should have been almost self-taught. Such, however, is the fact. He acquired Greek, Latin, and the principal modern languages entirely without aid; and, in addition to this, made himself, though only an amateur in mathematics, able to discuss problems and theorems with any professed master of that difficult study. To this, perhaps, he was in a great measure indebted for the power of concentration which was one of his strongest points. His summary of the plot of a new piece, for example, after only once witnessing the performance, was frequently a masterpiece of clearness and condensation. Everything necessary to inform the reader was there, what was superfluous to the understanding of the plot being discarded; so that one could see the main purport of the drama as clearly as one could see one's own face in a looking-glass. Judged from this point of view, a collection of Mr Oxenford's analyses of plots, separated from his always kindly, sometimes too kindly, criticism, would be a precious acquisition to our dramatic literature. Some people may ask, "Why, with all his experience, learning, and varied acquirements, has such a man left no great work to perpetuate his name?" The question can only be answered in one way. Mr Oxenford was so absorbed in the search of fresh knowledge on all subjects that he spent much of his leisure in reading which he might have more profitably occupied in writing. He must have been instinctively a critic. When a new book on any philosophical theme came under his notice, he would read, digest it, and in a luminous essay, partly descriptive, partly critical, tell those all about it who may not have had time at disposal, or the same irrepressible inclination to research. In spite of this, Mr Oxenford was not merely a scholar, but an original thinker; and had it pleased him to write a book in which the rich produce of his studies should be condensed into an accessible form and the light of his far-seeing intellect illumine the whole, we should have gained an invaluable addition to our philosophic literature. But it was a fault with him that no sooner had he read one book than he began another, using it to the same purport, so that he never felt disposed to let the world become acquainted with himself and his ability to frame a philosophy of his own. As an appreciator of others, however, and as a quick discoverer of anything new likely to exercise a future influence on thought, he had few equals. An instance of this may be cited in his early appreciation of Schopenhauer, the long despised and rejected of modern German thinkers. After reading Schopenhauer's collection of essays entitled *Parerga und Paralipomena*, some quarter of a century ago, Oxenford contributed an article, "Iconoclasm in Philosophy," to the *Westminster Review*, which immediately attracted attention in Schopenhauer's own country. Dr Francis Hueffer, in an article, "Arthur Schopenhauer," which appeared last December in the *Fortnightly Review*, speaks of the neglect of the philosopher for nearly twenty years, until he suddenly rose into fame and achieved success. These are the words of Dr Hueffer (himself a German):—

"This success came at last, and from a quarter where it had been least expected, though, perhaps, most coveted. This quarter was England. . . . The attention thus created" (by the *Parerga und Paralipomena*) "would most likely soon have subsided had it

not been for a foreign voice, suddenly and loudly raised in testimony of the neglected philosopher's merits. It soon appeared that the author was Mr John Oxenford, the well-known dramatist, critic, and scholar. The article is masterly in all respects. . . . It may be called, without exaggeration, the foundation of Schopenhauer's fame, both in his own and other countries, for now suddenly the prophet was acknowledged by his people; the journals began to teem with his praise," &c.

But apart from German philosophy and metaphysics, Oxenford was a rare scholar. In Spanish he was as efficient as in German, and this is proved by his translation of Calderon's *Vida es Sueño* (*Life is a Dream*), published more than 30 years ago, about which Mr G. H. Lewes, in his book on the Spanish Drama, *Lope de Vega and Calderon*, says:—"So admirably translated by John Oxenford that, in availing myself of his version, I feel that Calderon suffers no greater injustice than that which a poet must always suffer in translation." In Italian, moreover, Mr Oxenford showed his proficiency by a translation (unfinished and therefore unpublished) of Boyardo's *Orlando Innamorato*. With regard to his intimate converse with French literature, it may suffice to point to his translation of Molière's *Tartuffe*. From his favourite German he made admirable translations of Goethe's *Autobiography* and *Die Wahlverwandschaften* (*The Affinities*), besides *Epigrams from Venice*, and other things.

An enumeration of the pieces, in all forms, written by Oxenford for the stage would take up more space than we can afford. The first was a farce called *My Fellow Clerk*, written as far back as 1835. Enough that he who could criticise could write himself, and afford to be criticised in turn. Mr Oxenford also supplied musical composers with librettos for operas, among which may be mentioned *Robin Hood* and *Helvellyn* (Macfarren), and the *Lily of Killarney* (Benedict). Cantatas, too, like the translation of Burger's *Leonore* (Macfarren), with others, came readily from his always fluent pen. That he was a genuine humourist would be proved alone by his farces *Dearest Elizabeth* and *Twice Killed*, the last of which has not only been translated for the German stage, but also for the French Opéra-Comique, where it served as a libretto for Grisar's opera, *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalón*. He was, moreover, a true poet, as may be seen in his numberless songs, some of which are among the purest lyrics we possess.

In private life John Oxenford was universally admired for his wit, his humour, and his conversational powers. He possessed the rare faculty of ingratiating himself with all comers. He will be missed, and, indeed, has for some time been missed, in certain circles where his advent was always a pleasure and his departure a pain. His death will be heard of with general sorrow and his memory be cherished for years to come. About his long connection with the *Times*, and the services he was able to render through its columns to the art he always loved, it does not become us to speak.

THE FLOWER OF ERIN.*

(For Music.)

There is a spot in Erin's isle,
Green spot so dear, beloved the best;
There is a cot where beauty's smile
Has often soothed my heart to rest.
And sure 'tis Norah's, gentle treasure,
Who meets me at the door, and sue
Who sings me songs in cheerful measure,
And loves no other lad but me.
Flower of Erin, gentle treasure,
Who meets me at the door, and she
Who sings me songs in cheerful measure,
And loves no other lad but me.
The flowers all bow to Norah's beauty,
Her praise is sung in every tree;
The stars are constant to their duty,
But oh! not one more true than she.
Thine 'tis not I that could deceive her,
No selfish heart beats in my breast;
Her words are truth and I believe her,
Flower of Erin, beauty blest!
And sure 'tis Norah, gentle treasure,
Who meets me at the door, and she
Who sings me songs in cheerful measure,
And loves no other lad but me.

JAMES HIKKINS.

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FAURE'S FRENCH TOUR.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Success still follows in the train of M. Faure at Lyons, and is as much as ever his very humble, devoted, obedient servant. The enthusiasm of the local press shows no sign of abatement—no evidence of exhaustion; quite the contrary. *En foi de quoi*, I send a few more extracts. *Le Petit Lyonnais* of the 14th inst. says:—

"All those who were present yesterday evening at the performance of *Guillaume Tell* will preserve a magnificent recollection of that event. Faure is certainly the supreme expression of lyric art and the master of French singers. In the part of Guillaume, he may be said to realise our ideal of the personage. He is, of a truth, the hero of Helvetian independence, the hero of the legend, with his ardent patriotism, his hatred of the tyrant, and his powerful love of liberty. Yesterday Faure displayed, without reserve, all the resources of his marvellous talent. From the moment he appeared, he obtained a complete hold of the audience by the superb vigour with which he took his opening air and the dramatic beauty of his acting. In the immortal trio and the scene of the oath, the eminent vocalist had such touches of pride and such pathetic energy, that the entire house repeatedly burst into enthusiastic applause. He was no less fine and less affecting in the prayer of the third act, one of the happiest inspirations of the great composer. Faure's second performance was, therefore, a new and complete triumph."

According to *Le Progrès* of the 15th inst:—

"M. Faure's success in *Guillaume Tell* was immense; the public were enthusiastic. The result of this extraordinary representation was foreseen, but it is with much pleasure, that we record the fact."

The opinion of *La Décentralisation* is subjoined:—

"Faure achieved, yesterday evening, an immense success in *Guillaume Tell*. The second performance attracted a crowd even more considerable than the first. The outer doors had to be closed, and hundreds of persons were refused admission. The part of Guillaume, a much longer part than that of King Alphonse in the opera of *La Favorite*, afforded M. Faure an opportunity of exhibiting himself in the splendour of his double talent as an incomparable singer and as a consummate actor, in a word: in all the radiance of his artistic glory. Never was a triumph more splendid. Enthusiasm reached its highest pitch, and, overwhelmed by the ovations of which he was the object, the eminent singer was compelled to repeat several passages. This, of course, rendered his part even more crushing than it otherwise would have been. We may also note that *Guillaume* was played in five acts. Usually, the fifth act is suppressed. The ballet was badly received; not even the *premières danseuses* found grace. Everyone was impatient to see Faure again. Consequently, it was not till they once more beheld him that the excited crowd were silent. Such, is the history of this second extraordinary performance."

On the 17th inst., the critic of *Le Courier de Lyon* writes:—

"Faure's third performance, given yesterday at the Grand-Théâtre, was the occasion of a fresh triumph for the artist. Faure is classed among our stock masterpieces; everybody has heard it and seen some one play the part of Mephistopheles, but we are constrained to say that, up to the present moment, no other artist has attained the originality and perfection to which Faure rises in it. Insinuating, railing, insolent; a swashbuckler, a fine gentleman, a demon—Faure is all this. Under whatever aspect he presents the diabolical personage to us, he is always correct and perfect, frequently soaring to the sublimest regions of dramatic art. Listen to the ironic accents of the serenade, the strident and satanic laugh with which it terminates, and say whether this is not the terrible personage conceived by Goethe! What a singer! What an actor! Faure has no rival. He is the first of our singers, just as he is the first of our lyric tragedians. Always master of himself, elegant, and aristocratic, Faure strikes us as being one of the most perfect artists it has ever been our lot to hear. The public of Lyons, also, regarded him in this light, and made him repeat several fragments of his part, as in the *La Favorite* and *Guillaume Tell*."

La Décentralisation is equally eulogistic:—

"After *La Favorite*, Faure conquered the confidence of the Lyonnese; after *Guillaume Tell*, he proved himself worthy of his reputation as an exceptional singer and a consummate actor. Yesterday evening he put the stamp on his reputation as an incomparable artist. We never witnessed such enthusiasm. Such triumphs cannot be described. We do not know which we should admire the more in Faure, the singer or the actor; both united in the same person constitute the most perfect type imaginable for the stage. Several airs were encored, and the most trifling recitatives,

delivered with infinite art, evoked frantic applause, &c. The part of Mephistopheles will prove dangerous for all baritones who may in future come to sing it in Lyons."

It would be difficult to find a better conclusion to these criticisms than the letter addressed to Faure by the Prefect of the Rhone:—

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the generous offering which you so eagerly forwarded me for our unemployed workmen. Your heart is on the same height as your talent, and you will leave a profound and lasting impression with those who enjoy the good fortune of hearing you, and with those whose distress you have lightened. The Municipal Council will make a point of expressing to you their gratitude, but I will not wait till they meet before myself thanking you, in the name of the unhappy sufferers, most warmly and most sincerely. Kindly accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my most sympathetic sentiments and my highest consideration."

"CH. WELCHER."

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

From "Mayfair."

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who shall criticise the critics themselves? Who indeed? A German metaphysician—none but he would have had the composure of mind—has invented the term "metacritical" for such reciprocation. But who has accomplished the feat successfully? Certainly not those poets who, more bravely than discreetly, have faced about and stood at bay against their oppressors. Has Mr Browning added to the number of his admirers by his savage retort on Mr Austin's censure, or is there a drearier production in our literature than Mr Swinburne's "Under the Microscope?" Do as Hafiz did, quaff your wine and laugh at your critics, pious or impious. If you seriously remonstrate with them, you are a lost man.

If this is true of men who wield the weapon of language with experienced skill; how much more hopeless is the case of a poor musician—fiddler, or singer, or composer—who is most likely a foreigner, or at any rate little prepared by training and cast of thought to enter the lists with the relentless free-lances of the press? How agreeable must be his surprise on discovering that his dreaded judge is after all a man and a brother endowed with even more than an average share of humanity—for this, strangely enough, is the case, in this country at least. Compared with their brethren in the fields of literature and the fine arts, or with their *confrères* on the Continent, English musical critics are a wonderfully mild race, too mild, in our opinion, seeing that toleration of mediocrity in art is almost as wicked and quite as detrimental as misappreciation of true genius. This constitutional gentleness of a whole class of writers—of a class, too, less than others checked by editorial pressure or by competent public opinion—may seem strange at first sight. But the deeper psychologist will not be at a loss for reasons to explain the phenomenon. One of these is, perhaps, the very helplessness of the subject to be operated upon, which blunts the dissector's knife. Or is it that musical critics are apt to make more than due allowance for deficiencies of others in executing an art which they themselves find it so difficult even to write about? With regard to those difficulties we propose to tender a few apologetic remarks, the slight *pro domo* tendency of which the candid reader is requested to pardon.

"Sonate, que me veux tu?" was the witty Frenchman's query, unanswered to the present day, and anxiously repeated on many a Saturday and Monday during the season by two score human beings. What are we to say of a new work with the name of Brahms or Raff affixed to it, and with nothing but a stray *allegro* or *smorzando* and some miscellaneous sharps and flats by way of suggestion? It is true that with the help of these latter, together with a few "relative minors," *fugatos*, and other specimens of technical jargon, a neat little essay may be constructed, gratifying the curious reader and surrounding the critic with the not unwelcome halo of deep if abstruse learning. But, unfortunately, amateurs have of late heard so much of the "emotional basis" and "passionate undercurrent" of musical creations, that abstract wisdom fails to satisfy them any longer. They insist on being told what a piece of music means—what the composer wanted to express by it; and, in obedience to this wish, the critic has to plunge headlong into the stream of "poetic intentions," more or less of his own devising, which ultimately is sure to land him on the shadowy shore of M. Schannard's symphony, "Sur l'influence du bleu dans les arts," so painfully remembered by readers of the *Vie de Bohème*,

There is, of course, a happy mean between these and other equally objectionable modes of criticism; a way of saying, in a straightforward manner, whether and why a piece of music is good or bad. That this can be done without technical dryness on the one hand, and vaguely poetic declamation on the other, the musical columns of more than one London newspaper tend to prove. But due allowance ought to be made even for those weaker brethren who fail to render musical impressions through the inadequate medium of ordinary critical prose. It is comparatively easy to give a satisfactory account of the spirit and form of a poem or picture, which after all represent only the ideal side of actual existence; but music is the thrice-sublimated essence of this ideal side, and its connection with actualities has ceased entirely.

This state of things is, of course, considerably modified where the musical drama, the opera, is concerned. Here the poor critic at last touches solid ground; he has to deal with tangible shapes; he can tell a story, proverbially silly though that story may be. True in theory; but let us see what form practice is apt to take, in England at least. London is the only capital in the world which can afford two Italian operas; but in no other capital are there fewer performances of new works than in London. Dramatic productions by the most celebrated masters go the round of the stages of Europe for years before the idea of a possible performance begins to dawn upon Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson. These gentlemen can afford to ignore rising genius, for they believe in "stars," and their faith is not without its reward. Be the libretto never so silly and the music never so hackneyed, fashionable audiences fill the house as long as the name of Patti or Albani adorns the playbill. Right enough as far as impresario and public are concerned; but how about the critic? Can he fill the gaping column with the tale of Lucrezia's crimes or Rosina's flirtation, which every reader has at his or her fingers' ends. And yet the column gapes and the star wants to shine in print. To this star, therefore, he clings with the tenacity of despair. Her stage presence (we politely assume the star's gender to be feminine), her dramatic action, find due acknowledgment, and all the resources of impassioned prose are exhausted to describe—

"How she shook upon E in alt,
And ran the chromatic scale up,"

But even this innocent pleasure is not without its dangers. Wilful prima donnas may change original keys; and, in the present chaotic state of the pitch, it requires a fine ear indeed to know an E from a D, or any other note of the gamut.

A worse fate even than the boredom of ordinary operatic routine is in store for some writers on music, when at last a new work sees the light of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. First performances are inevitably protracted till long after midnight, the daily papers go to press before the cock crows—say at 3 a.m., and in the interval the musical critic is supposed to form and express his opinion on a new composition, it may be by a new composer with an individual style; and this from a single hearing, and after the excitement and fatigue of four hours' attentive listening. What fatal loss would be incurred by one day's delay of the notice is not easily perceptible to non-editorial eyes. Yet several of our dailies are still reluctant to follow the humane example of wiser contemporaries.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Since my last letter we have had several pleasant concerts; and when I tell you that at one of Mr. Hallé's, Herr Joachim played Spohr's 6th Concerto, his own Nocturne in A, and a selection from Bach, I need scarcely add that there was great enthusiasm, as well as universal delight. At the same concert Joachim's conversion of Schubert's Pianoforte Duet into a grand symphony was heard for the first time in Manchester, and every amateur admired the reverent and thoroughly artistic manner in which Schubert's music had been arranged for the orchestra. Miss Thekla Friedländer was the only singer at this concert, and it would not have been easy to select one more capable and accomplished. Last week *Acis and Galatea* was given, with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Guy, and Signor Foli were the principal singers. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have appeared at Mr. De Jong's concert last Saturday night, but, in his absence, Mr. Barton McGuckin, the Dublin tenor, gave "Tom Bowling" and "The Pilgrim of Love."

This week Messrs. Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti will play in Beethoven's Triple Concerto at Mr. Hallé's concert; and a new symphony by Mr. Ed. Hecht will be played for the first time,

Feb. 21st, 1877.

RAMEAU.*

(Continued from page 116.)

This is the place for an interesting letter but little known, and addressed by Rameau to a young musician who wanted to write for the stage and had written to beg Rameau's advice. The letter is curious and instructive.†

"Paris, 29th May, 1744.

"You ask me, sir, what course a young musician, with inspiration and good intentions, should pursue in order to compose an opera. I appreciate fully the honour you do me, but, at the same time, feel deeply mortified that I can be of very little assistance. In the first place, my own affairs are such that I cannot well divert my attention from them, and in the next, what you ask requires a much longer answer than you imagine. You must be acquainted with the stage, and have long studied nature, so as to paint her as truthfully as possible; you must also be versed in all great passions and all great sorrows, and possess a feeling for dancing and its movements, to say nothing of all the accessories; you must be familiar with the various kinds of voices and the actors; command the orchestra and sometimes even the audience. You must know thoroughly of what each instrument is capable. A little genius is necessary, and a little taste even still more so. Allow me to tell you, also, sir, that, in this great work, nothing must be left to chance; for this reason, if I were you, before undertaking so great a task, I would first execute others of less importance: cantatas, divertissements, and a thousand similar trifles, which foster the mind, enliven the imagination, and insensibly render a man capable of greater things. I have studied the stage from the age of twelve; I did not write for the Opera till I was fifty, and even then I did not consider myself capable of doing so, I persevered. In a word, I was courageous . . . daring, and I succeeded . . . "Rameau."

It may easily be imagined that the Court did not remain unmoved by the fame so rapidly achieved by Rameau, and which almost at once became absolutely glory. The King eagerly seized an occasion of doing homage to the composer's genius. This occasion was furnished by the marriage of the young Dauphin with the Infanta of Spain. The marriage, which was to be celebrated at Versailles, called, of course, for splendid entertainments. Voltaire and Rameau received orders to write a lyrical work, for the representation of which a magnificent theatre was constructed on purpose, at great expense, in the Grand Stables. Thus the two celebrated men, whom some persons had succeeded in preventing from producing anything together on the stage of the Opera, became collaborators when the pleasures of the Court were involved. *La Princesse de Navarre* (such was the title of Voltaire's poem) was a grand spectacular piece in three acts in verse, with a prologue. It was played on the 23rd February, 1745, and the author himself has left the following particulars concerning it: "The King wished to give her Royal Highness, the Dauphine, an entertainment which should not be only one of those spectacular pieces for the eyes, such as all nations can give, and which, passing away with the splendour that accompanies them, leave no trace behind. He ordered a spectacle which might, at one and the same time, serve to amuse the Court and encourage the fine arts, knowing, as he does, that the cultivation of the latter contributes to the glory of his kingdom. His Grace the Duke of Richelieu, first gentleman of the Chamber on duty, made the arrangements for this magnificent entertainment. He had a stage fifty-five feet deep erected in the large riding-school at Versailles, with the audience portion so fitted up that the decorations, embellishments, and everything employed for the performance, could be cleared away in a night, leaving the place ornamented for a costume ball which was to be the entertainment the next day. The stage and the boxes were built with becoming magnificence and with all the taste for which those who directed the preparations have long been known. It was resolved to combine on the stage all the talent which could tend to render the entertainment attractive, and to

* From the *Ménestrel*.

† This letter was published some ten years since in one of his feuilletons for the *Indépendance belge* by Jules Janin, who said: "I here copy an unpublished letter from which it will be seen that the composer, when called upon, was capable of giving good advice." The letter was non altogether unpublished, as De Croix had already given it in *L'Ami des Artistes* where no one ever thought of looking for it. I cannot say whether Janin had, the original before him; I merely affirm that the version he furnishes (and which I have chosen) is more complete than De Croix's, and somewhat different.

unite all the charms of elocution, dancing, and music, so that the august lady to whom the entertainment was consecrated might at once be rendered acquainted with the various kinds of talent afterwards to be employed for her amusement. It was resolved, therefore, that the person charged with getting up the entertainment should write one of those dramatic works in which musical divertissements form a part of the subject, in which an element of pleasantry is mingled with the heroic, and in which there is an admixture of opera, comedy, and tragedy." The work was received very favourably, and, after the performance, Rameau had conferred upon him, as evidence of the royal gratitude the title of Private Composer to the King (Compositeur de la Musique du Cabinet du Roi) with the pension of 2000 livres.*

(To be continued.)

TONOMETRY.

(Athenæum.)

(Continued from page 117.)

These instruments, with due precautions, do excellent work; but they are cumbrous, costly, excessively variable with temperature, extremely mild in quality of tone—which prevents verification by any interval but the Octave—with notes difficult to sound more than two at a time, and difficult to flatten and restore to pitch rapidly. These inconveniences are practically overcome by the tonometer made by Georg Appunn & Son (of Hanau, Hessen-Cassel, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine), now in the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, and priced, as I find on inquiry (it is as well to state that I have none but a scientific interest in the apparatus), at 360 German marks, or £18, without the blowing apparatus, which adds about £6 or £7 more. It is of a small size, not at all costly, not nearly so variable in temperature as tuning-forks, extremely ready in quality of tone—so that the 16th partial can be made effective, and hence all intervals used as verifications—with notes easy to sound and to damp in any number at a time, and to flatten, any one separately and instantly, or gradually, by 1, 2, or even 3 vibrations, and to restore immediately to the former pitch. This last is one of the most important properties of the instrument. It consists of 65 harmonium reeds, actuated by pulls numbered 0 and 1 to 64, which, when pulled out completely, give the true tone, and, when gradually pushed in, gradually flatten the tone. The pitch is from C 256 to C 512, increasing regularly by 4 vibrations. The mode of using it is simple, but would take up too much space to explain.

Using this instrument to measure forks, I found great discrepancies between the numbers shown and the numbers stamped on the forks. For my own satisfaction, therefore, I verified the instrument as follows. First I counted the beats with a pocket chronometer, between pulls 0 and 1, for 15 seconds, and found them 60, or 4 in a second. Next I counted the beats between each pair of the other adjacent pulls for 21 seconds, and found them always 80, or 4 in a second. Hence the whole increase was 4 times 64, or 256 vibrations. Next I examined, first, the usual consonances on the instrument, consisting of 1 Octave 1:2, 11 Fifths 2:3, 11 Fourths 3:4, 10 major Thirds 4:5, 9 minor Thirds 5:6, 4 major Sixths 3:5, 4 minor Sixths 5:8; secondly, the septimal consonances, 6 Sub-fifths 5:7, 4 super-major Thirds 7:9, 8 sub-minor Thirds 6:7, 3 sub-minor Sevenths 4:7; and thirdly, the usual dissonances, having audible identical partials, 7 major Tones 8:9, 5 minor Tones 9:10, 4 diatonic Semitones 15:16; or 87 just intervals on the whole. For every one there was the proper rapid rattle of beating partials, but not the slightest wave of error in the identical partials. This wave was, however, instantly produced by flattening the upper reed, and made to disappear by flattening the lower reed at the same time to the

proper extent; and to re-appear by flattening the same more. I have, therefore, a mechanical guarantee that every one of these intervals was correctly represented on the instrument. But every one of them separately proved, after counting the beats, that the lowest tone made 256 vibrations in a second, and the whole set, by their perfect agreement, proved that the beats had been correctly counted.* The introduction and extinction of the beats of error was often very remarkable. Thus the diatonic semitone, pulls 11 and 16, with 300 and 320 vibrations, when the upper note was flattened, beat in error with 4,800, and the same slightly altered—that is, a D sharp above the ninth ledger line above the treble staff, and the same slightly altered. This slow beat of error was distinctly separable from the rapid rattle of the beating partials, including the lowest and strongest. By conscientiously trying every one of these 87 cases, I have convinced myself of the perfect trustworthiness of the instrument; and those to whom I have shown some of them have been equally convinced, among whom I need only mention as most competent to decide, Mr A. J. Hipkins, of Messrs Broadwood's, and Mr E. Greaves, of Sheffield, a large maker of tuning-forks, who have now accepted the 256, 384, and 512 of Appunn's instrument as absolutely correct, and copied them on forks.

I proceed to give an account of some of the remarkable results of applying this accurate tonometer to the examination of forks made by former methods.

A. G. ELLIS.

25, Argyll Road, Kensington.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 17, when the following pieces were given:—

Passacaille, in G minor, from the 7th Suite, pianoforte, Miss Julia Kirk, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers (George Frederick Handel); Song, "When the pale, pale moon," Miss Elliott (second study), pupil of Mr Montem Smith, accompanist, Miss Frost (Virginia Gabriel); Two Studies, in B flat and G minor, pianoforte, Miss Clara King, pupil of Mr Kemp (Stephen Heller); Sonata, in D, No. 9, violin and double bass, Mr Newton and Mr Harper (Professors' scholar), pupil of Mr H. W. Hill and Mr White, accompanist, Mr Hooper (Arcangelo Corelli); Sonata, in D, 1st two movements, pianoforte, Miss Shapley, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson (Johann Nepomuc Hummel); Valse Arietta, "La messagère d'amore," *Mirella*, Miss Clara Samuel (Parepa-Rosa scholar), pupil of Mr Randegger, accompanist, Miss Kate Steel, Potter exhibitioner (Charles Gounod); Romance, in G minor, and Presto, in F (MS.), pianoforte, Mr T. Matthey, pupil of Sullivan and Mr Walter Macfarren (Tobias Matthey, student); Sonata, in C minor, No. 2, Op. 65, organ, Miss Morgan, pupil of Dr Steggall (Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy); Largo, from Sonata in B minor, Op. 58, pianoforte, Miss Kate Steel, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren (Frederick Chopin); Song, "Out in the rain," Miss Trowbridge, pupil of Mr T. A. Wallworth, accompanist, Mr Myles Foster (T. A. Wallworth); Song without Words, in A flat, Nocturne, in A minor (MS.), pianoforte, Miss Lawrence, Professor Macfarren and Sir Julius Benedict (Emily Lawrence, student); Song, "O Araby," *Oberon*, Miss Mansell, pupil of Mr Benson, accompanist, Mr Morton (Carl Maria von Weber); Fantasia and Fugue, in C minor, organ, Mr Corke, pupil of Mr Rose (J. S. Bach); Air, "O Liberty," *Judas Maccabæus*, Miss Annie Patterson (second study), pupil of Mr F. Walker, accompanist, Mr Myles Foster (George Frederick Handel); Andante and Menuetto Capriccioso, from Sonata in A flat, pianoforte, Miss Elwell, pupil of Mr Westlake (Carl Maria von Weber).

The public concert of the studies will take place in the Academy concert-room this (Saturday) evening, when Mr Henry Smart's new cantata, *The Fishermidens*, will be performed for the first time in public.

* Exactly ten months after the production of this piece, there was taken from it a one-act ballet opera, entitled *Les Fêtes de Ramire*, and performed at the same theatre in the Grand Stables, Versailles, on the 22nd December, 1745. "The divertissement," says De Lérin, in the *Dictionnaire des Théâtres*, "are those of the *Princesse de Navarre*. Voltaire added a few connecting scenes, and Rameau composed the music." *La Princesse de Navarre* was played subsequently at Bordeaux, and Voltaire then wrote for it "a fresh prologue, sent to his Grace, Marshal the Duke of Richelieu, for the performance he had caused to be given at Bordeaux, the 26th November, 1763."

* Let x be the vibrations of the lowest note, p and q the beats added by pulls P and Q , found by counting, so that the reeds actuated by P and Q gave $x+p$ and $x+q$ vibrations, and let $m:n$ be the ratio of the interval. Then, by the preceding footnote, $n(x+p)=m(x+q)$, or $(n-m)x=mq-np$, which gives the value of x in each case. Thus pulls 10 and 47 give a Fifth 2:3, and counting gives $p=4 \times 10=40$, $q=4 \times 47=188$. Hence $(3-2)x=2 \times 188-3 \times 40$, or $x=256$, and so for all the 87 cases. Had there been any error in counting, it would have been detected by one or more of these cases not giving $x=256$. Of course, these perfect intervals render the instrument invaluable to any teacher of musical acoustics.

QUARTET CONCERTS.

Messrs Carrodus and Edward Howell gave their friends another excellent programme at their second concert, in Langham Hall, on Tuesday evening. Neither gentleman played a solo this time; but, in compensation, we had three pieces with which the pianoforte had to do, the pianist being Mr Walter Bache, who chose for his solo display a "Ballade" (so-called) by Chopin, joining Messrs Carrodus, Doyle, and Howell, in Molique's E flat Quartet, Op. 71, and the first and last-named in Sterndale Bennett's "Chamber Trio" (Op. 26), showing himself a thoroughly competent artist, to whom each master was familiar, both as regards style and mechanical individuality, in which latter respect they materially differ. Molique's quartet is evidently modelled upon that of Beethoven in the same key, and for the same combination of instruments. That Mr Carrodus, his most distinguished pupil, should take pride in bringing it forward once more, after a long silence, is no more to be wondered at than the gratification experienced by the audience, for whom so careful and spirited a performance of a really fine work had been prepared. We now-a-days hear too little of Molique. Bennett's melodious trio was also extremely well given, the brilliant *finale* in particular. In the Serenade we thought the pianoforte part a shade too loud for the stringed instruments, which have always to play "pizzicato." Perhaps the most uniformly effective performance of the evening was that of Beethoven's third "Rasumowsky" quartet, in which Mr Val Nicholson joined the members of the society, as second violin. Mr Carrodus led this in masterly style, and was ably supported by his colleagues, and not the least so by Mr H. Doyle, who has to give out the theme of the fugue. The genuine services rendered by Mr Doyle, as principal viola, in the early years of the Monday Popular Concerts, are not yet forgotten by amateurs, and it is pleasant to hear him once more in quartet. The vocalist was Miss Annie Butterworth, one of the most improving young singers who owe their education to our Royal Academy of Music. Miss Butterworth, whose voice is a rich-toned contralto, gave Handel's somewhat hackneyed "Lascia ch'io pianga" and Mr Arthur Sullivan's charming "Willow Song," both well, and the last with such true and deep-felt expression as to win a hearty and general demand for its repetition, which she could hardly under the circumstances have disregarded. In both her songs she was accompanied with great ability by Mr W. H. Thomas.

THE REID FESTIVAL AT EDINBURGH.

(From the "Scottish Guardian.")

Subjoined is the final clause in an interesting account of the last Reid Festival, for details of which we cannot find space:—

"Though the Reid Bequest has been in operation since 1840, and the Reid Concert has been an annual event since 1841, a series of untoward occurrences long prevented this yearly opportunity from being what it ought to have been. It is only since the accession of the present incumbent to the Music Chair that we have had a concert or concerts worthy of General Reid's munificent intention. But it would be difficult to over-estimate the influence which the Reid Festival now has in fostering a taste for and knowledge of music among the public of Edinburgh. Among the changes for the better is the altered feeling of the students, whose attitude was in old days one of chronic hostility to the Professor of Music. Sir Herbert Oakeley, over and above discharging the recognised duties of the office, has devoted himself zealously and successfully to the laudable object of fostering a love of music among the general body of students. Some two hundred of them are now members of the 'University Musical Association,' a body of choristers whose concert, given every March, under the conduct of the Professor, has become, next to the Reid Festival, the most attractive musical event of the season. All the members of this society receive complimentary tickets for one or other of the Festival concerts; and groups of students might have been remarked here and there on Saturday and Monday among the most attentive and appreciative of the auditory."

It is agreeable to know that the actual musical professor is now diligently and successfully carrying out the bequests of General Reid, whose bequeathal to the Edinburgh University was intended solely for the interests of music and the progress of musical taste in the Scottish capital. (See also another column.)

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since my last there has not been any very great animation in matters musical hereabout, the depression of business having possibly something to do with the comparative paucity of concerts. That Messrs Harrison should have a crowded hall was a foregone conclusion, the names of Therèse Tietjens, Arabella Goddard, and August Wilhelmj being potent and irresistible attractions. The great *prima donna* was in excellent voice, and delighted all hearers, which was equally the case with our great English pianist, whose performances, however, brought with them some regret that such ability should be devoted to "fantasias." True, we had one movement (the *andante*, with variations) from the always welcome "Kreutzer" Sonata, so perfectly executed by Mad. Goddard and Herr Wilhelmj, that one was tempted to say, if so much, why not more? A *débutante* in Mr Mapleson's troupe, Miss Agnes Bonn, possesses a contralto voice of such good quality as to merit careful cultivation, to which, the lady being very young, we may look forward to with confidence.

At Mr Stockley's second orchestral concert the well selected programme comprised, *inter alia*, the overtures to *Oberon*, *Egmont*, and *Semiramide*, Haydn's Symphony, No. 7 (Salomon set), and a flute concerto by John Francis Barnett, played to perfection by Mr James Mathews, a thoroughly accomplished amateur. One of the noteworthy features of the evening was the first appearance in Birmingham of a young lady who might say, "I came, I saw, I conquered;" for veritably Miss Robertson took her audience by storm. An agreeable person, self-possession combined with a voice of exceptional quality and compass, carried the *débutante* successfully through the trying ordeal of the most trying *aria* from *Die Zauberflöte*, "Gli angui d'inferno," sung in the original key (Fy.) with equal brilliancy and clearness. It is to be hoped the reception accorded to Miss Robertson may induce her to assiduously study the art she has adopted, giving especial attention to phrasing, and avoiding alterations for the sake of a rarely possessed high note, as at the close of the "Queen of Night" ("Gli angui d'inferno").† Signor Randegger's charming "Bird of Springtime" was, of course, mere child's play; but "O luce di quest' anima," despite her vocal facility, is not altogether suited to the lady's voice. Miss Robertson's future career will be watched with real interest by amateurs and connoisseurs. The other vocalist was Mr Barton McGuckin, who has made sensible progress since he sang here last, and in whom another young artist of promise may be recognised. Mr Stockley conducted the orchestra, and Mr Stevens accompanied some of the vocal music, each with his well-known ability.

At the second concert of the Festival Choral Society a fair performance of Gade's *Crusaders* justified the favourable impression it produced at the recent Festival, although the dreamy effect of Scene 2 (*Armida*) was occasionally marred by the want of delicacy on the part of the orchestra. The part of *Armida* seems to me as much too low for the voice of Mrs Osgood as that of Peter the Hermit is too high for Signor Foli's. Mr Vernon Rigby sang Rinaldo's music in such a manner as to elicit and deserve the hearty applause of his fellow-townsmen. Hummel's "Alma Virgo" and the first part of Haydn's *Seasons* completed an interesting programme. At the next concert of the society J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* will be given; and for Messrs Harrison's last "Popular Concert," Mr Sims Reeves and Herr Joachim are announced.

D. H.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

What means the Sporting Chaplain
By his late Gladstonian grapple?
Does the famed battle of Hastings
Give warrant for such bastings—
This effluence refined
Of a well-stored, stable mind?

Welfben.

* "If no more, why so much?"—Tom Thumb.

† All the "Queens of Night" do the same.—D. P.

HERR FRANKE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Herr Franke brought his second series of chamber concerts to a conclusion on Tuesday evening, at the Tenterden Street Concert-room, with a programme which in its main features was equally commendable with its precursors; the weakest part in the selection being the only novelty—a quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Herr Carl G. T. Grüdener. We confess to having at present no great acquaintance with Herr Grüdener's works, but if his quintet in D, Op. 6, be a fair sample of his skill, we can afford to wait. Such a production might be considered praiseworthy to a certain extent if it emanated from an amateur, but it contains nothing that a professed musician could well be proud of. The quintet, which to its other demerits adds that of extreme length, was interpreted as well as could be wished by Herren Frantzen, Franke, Van Praag, Hollander, and Daubert. The other concerted pieces were Beethoven's Serenade in D, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Herren Franke, Hollander, and Daubert), and Rubinstein's "Zwei Fantasie-Stücke," Op. 11, for piano and violoncello (Herren Frantzen and Daubert). The concert giver played for solo Beethoven's Romance in G, and in answer to a demand for repetition substituted a movement from a suite of Bach's arranged for the fourth string of the violin. Mr Barton McGuckin sang "Adelaida" and Gounod's new song, "When thou art nigh," with much taste and feeling, earning well-deserved applause in either instance. Herr Franke announces a third series of four concerts to take place in May next; we trust that excellence, as well as novelty, will be his aim in constructing his programmes. His enterprise merits all encouragement.—*Standard*, Feb. 15.

BRAHMS' QUARTET IN B FLAT.

The *Standard*, in noticing one of the chamber-concerts of Herr Franke, gives the subjoined opinion about the latest quartet of Herr Brahms:—

"Anything in the shape of a novelty from the pen of so distinguished a composer as Herr Brahms must excite a widespread feeling of interest in musical circles generally, and the performance for the first time of the quartet in B flat, Op. 67, on Tuesday evening attracted a numerous and distinguished audience to the concert-room at the Royal Academy of Music. Like most modern musicians—especially those of a kindred extraction—Herr Brahms is both an original thinker and one who chooses his own method of expression; unlike the majority of his German brothers in art, however, he yields obedience to the established rules of construction, and his efforts are always marked by as strict an adherence to form as is consonant with the assertion of his own strong individuality. The quartet in B flat is a specimen of masterly workmanship throughout, and is built entirely in accordance with customary rule; but it is none the less characteristic of its composer, or of the broad independence of his ideas. The first movement is most curiously elaborated, and abounds in changes of rhythm and accent which at first are most perplexing to the auditor; this section of the quartet is certainly open to the charge of being abstruse, but the workmanship displayed is of a high order, and the distribution of the parts evinces a master-hand. The second movement is of a quasi-religious nature, and occasionally recalls snatches of *Elijah*, besides otherwise suggesting a Mendelssohnian influence; the melody is broad and expressive nevertheless, and the arrangement of the themes for the instruments is simply exquisite. In the third or *scherzo* movement (which is not at all a *scherzo* in the true sense of the term) the employment of mutes to all the instruments except the viola, which has the theme, has a somewhat curious effect, and the strangeness of accent and measure is even here more apparent than in the opening *allegro*. It is difficult, indeed, for a casual listener to decide in what measure the movement is written. The *finale*, though definite in plan, is as curious in treatment as the preceding movements. In respect of technical workmanship, perhaps, it is entitled to rank highest. Such a production as this, however, cannot be judged by its separate parts, but in its entirety, and thus considered, the quartet is a decidedly fine and suggestive composition. In its interpretation Herr Franke, as leader, was associated with Herren Van Praag, Hollander, and Daubert, and the performance, creditable on the whole, was materially indebted to Herr Hollander, whose viola playing was remarkably fine."

The new quartet was heard on Monday Evening at the Popular Concerts, and its merits, as is invariably the case with new compositions (see the *Globe* of Tuesday last), are likely to be discussed with considerable freedom.

HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

Referring to Mr Ebenezer Prout's new and spirited venture at Hackney, the *Globe* has the following:—

"The rapid growth of popular taste for high-class music is attested by the number of suburban musical societies which have sprung into existence within the last few years. These provide for residents in the outskirts of London the same kind of musical fare furnished by the great central societies of the metropolis, and are a notable feature of the day. As a specimen of the work which many of them perform, the concert given recently by the Hackney Choral Association at the new Town Hall, Shoreditch, is worthy of comment. Some of its regulations might be advantageously adopted in other quarters. Encores are forbidden, and no one is allowed to enter or quit the hall during the performance of any piece. These rules, strictly enforced, enhance the enjoyment of an excellent concert, and enable an audience of 1,200 persons to hear the entire programme before half-past ten o'clock. More pretentious musical institutions might profit by this example. The selection at the concert to which we refer was highly interesting. Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie* and the greater portion of Schubert's *Rosamunde* music were performed by a chorus of 130 voices, aided by a band of 45 competent instrumentalists. The solos in *Athalie* were sung by Misses M. Williams, Geddes, and Butterworth, and the connecting lines were well recited by Mr Charles Fry. The *Athalie* choruses are a severe test, but the Hackney Choral Association proved equal to their task. The precision of their attack and the refinement of their style reflect much credit on the conductor of the society, Mr Ebenezer Prout, B.A., the well-known composer and critic. He has disciplined his forces so well that they produce far more satisfactory effects than those commonly attained by over-large choirs hitherto usurping pre-eminence. Mr Prout has a firm, intelligible beat, and carries his performers along with him. This was noticeable in the Schubert music, which has seldom been so well rendered. The band did ample justice to the overture to *Athalie*, while the great 'War March of the Priests' and the overture to *Rosamunde* were admirably played. In the selection which concluded the concert, Mr Winn won deserved applause for his spirited execution of Handel's 'Honour and arms.' The concert, attended by visitors from a long distance, was a gratifying illustration of the progress of high-class music in the suburbs. On May 7th, Signor Randegger's *Fridolin* will be performed."

May more such ventures be undertaken by men as competent as Mr Ebenezer Prout. Nothing better could be desired for the benefit of legitimate art.

To Francis Hueffer, Esq.

Les Mystères de Londres, by Sir Francis Trollope (PAUL MEURICE). Romance in Eleven Volumes—1844. (A very long and mysterious romance.)

The first, second, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes of the—

Biographie Universelle des Musiciens. By F. J. FETIS. (Rarest edition, 1837)—for those who desire to complete their *Bibliographie Générale de La Musique* (a very long and mysterious romance).

MILAN.—*Poliuto* has been performed at the Scala, with Signora Fossa, Signori Fernando, Pantaleoni, and Bedogni in the principal characters. Signor Pallerini's new ballet, *Nerone*, with music by Signor Dall'Argine, was promised for to-day, the 24th inst.

CAIRO.—*Der Frieschütz* has been produced at the Viceregal Italian Operahouse. The cast included Signore Miller, Duval, Signori Fancelli, Medini, Mirabella, and Pinto.—On the 10th inst., a *Requiem*, composed by Signor Bottesini, for his brother, Luigi, who recently died here, was performed in the Roman Catholic Church. It was greatly admired, more especially the "Dies Ira," the "Tuba mirum," the "Quid sum Miser," the "Marcia," and the "Elegia."

VIENNA.—Herr Gustav Hölzl, a singer who was whilom a great favourite with the Viennese, celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary on the 17th inst. at the Kômische Oper. Born at Pesth, it was there that he made his first appearance on the stage. From 1835 to 1862 he was a member of the Imperial Operahouse in this capital, but, having, as the Friar, sung, in *Templer und Jüdin*, the burden "Ora pro nobis," which had been cut out of one of his songs, he was dismissed. He was allowed, however, a pension. The opera for his benefit was Lortzing's *Wildschütz*.

MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We cannot give a detailed notice of Mr Kuhe's annual Brighton Festival; but an account of some incidents of interest connected with it will be acceptable to our readers. On the first day, for example (Tuesday the 13th inst.), a new *cantata*, by Mr Frederic Clay, under the attractive title of *Lalla Rookh*, was produced. About this the able musical critic of *The Daily Telegraph* gives the subjoined account:—

"The chief novelty of this festival was produced at the opening concert on Tuesday evening, and excited a good deal of interest for perfectly natural and sufficient reasons. A cantata based upon a work so well known and popular as Moore's *Lalla Rookh* has, on that very account, a certain degree of interest; much more when the writer of the libretto is the author of successful dramas, like Mr W. G. Wills, and the composer, a musician like Mr Frederic Clay. Such a conjunction could not fail to be attractive. Mr Wills has founded what he truly calls the 'slight plot' of his book upon the prose tale which serves as a setting for Moore's poetic gems. Beyond this he is in no way indebted to his famous predecessor; even the charming verses sung by Feramorz, 'Tell me not of joys above,' being omitted in order that the libretto might boast of entire originality. Moore's tale is as closely followed as possible. The leading characters, for example, are all reproduced with no more change than that of transforming the 'little Persian slave, who sang sweetly to the Vina,' into a confidential attendant bearing the name—famous in Eastern romance—of Leila.

"In doing his share of the work, Mr Frederic Clay kept himself well within the limits of that form and style by means of which he has gained the repute of a graceful and pleasing, if not a very profound writer. He seems to be one of the few who, having accurately measured their powers, never essay to go beyond them, and are, consequently, natural and unforced. This is precisely the impression conveyed by the music to *Lalla Rookh*. Nowhere unduly pretentious, it nowhere suggests the idea of a composer worrying himself into a fever in the vain effort to do something phenomenal. At the present time this is in itself attractive, and at any time there must be a certain degree of charm in spontaneous music. That Mr Clay has the gift of easy and graceful tune everybody knows, but nowhere, perhaps, has he turned it to better account than in *Lalla Rookh*, which is melodious from first to last. At the same time, we may point out that the composer is addicted to a certain monotony of rhythm, owing to his fondness for particular 'measures.' He has also the habit of making his phrases independent of each other to such a degree that the effect of a continuous melody is rarely secured. In other words, the phrases are more formal, and, so to speak, square-cut, than is consistent with the best results. These are, however, but tricks of which Mr Clay, by a little effort, could easily rid himself, and in no important degree do they touch his capacity as a melodist. Nor, as regards the particular instance under observation, are the defects upon which we have remarked specially serious. All things to the contrary notwithstanding, the music of *Lalla Rookh* cannot fail to please those who regard tune as a *sine quâ non*. Alike in his concerted pieces and in his orchestral accompaniments, Mr Clay aims at simplicity. It may be said that he hits the mark only too well, and we are far from sure that the objection is not well grounded. In a work of such pretensions one naturally looks, especially among the choruses, for whatever proof of scholarship may legitimately appear. But Mr Clay has suppressed nearly all evidence of this kind, while his orchestral accompaniments, though coloured with taste, and therefore pleasing, are somewhat meagre in form. It may be said that the object in view was the wide popularity of that which is accessible to, and comprehensible by, the greatest number. But a composer owes something to himself and to his art; and, as Mr Clay is undoubtedly able to discharge that obligation more fully than in *Lalla Rookh*, we trust, on another occasion, to see results of a higher kind. The scene of the story naturally entailed upon the music a good deal of what is called 'local colour,' which, however, Mr Clay has laid on here and there too freely. Like the trombones in a score, the elements of 'local colour' should be used in full view of the fact that, while powerful on fit occasion, they can easily be employed over much. Here, for instance, one soon tires of the tom-tom, cymbal, and triangle effects supposed to be necessary, but really belonging to that, by comparison, low form of art which consists in mere imitation. With this observation our list of objections to Mr Clay's work ends, and we have only to recognise its general brightness, its engaging spontaneity, and the happy art with which music always unaffected and always truthful in its expression is wedded to Mr Wills' verse. These qualities, so readily appreciable, secured a good reception for *Lalla Rookh*. The audience took kindly to it

from the first number, encored Feramorz's air, 'I'll sing thee songs of Araby,' encored also a pretty quartet, 'Morn wanes, we must away,' and applauded the rest without stint; while at the close Mr Clay, who conducted, was summoned to the platform to receive warm congratulations."

It is to be hoped that Mr Clay's new work will be heard in London during the forthcoming spring and summer season. The next incident of importance to which the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* refers is the first performance in Brighton of Verdi's *Requiem Mass*, about which, in the preamble of his letter, he writes as subjoined:—

"The *Requiem Mass*, composed by Verdi in honour of his friend Manzoni, was given, for the first time in Brighton, on Thursday evening, and attracted a large audience. We are scarcely called upon to discuss the merits of this work. Every amateur has, in some manner or other, examined them for himself, and been guided to one of the many conclusions respecting it which the novelty of its style, the daring boldness here and there displayed, and pre-conceived notions of what constitutes sacred music, have suggested to different minds. It may be necessary, however—and is certainly advisable in the interest of a general rule of criticism—to repeat a caution against judging Verdi's Mass from the standpoint of that which is analogous to it in English art. The composer wrote as an Italian for Italians; wherefore to condemn his music because it is not 'sacred' according to our own interpretation of the word, would be ridiculous, and, what is more, offensive in the sense of an implied assumption that the incorrect to us should on no account satisfy anybody else. Admitting, as is our duty, that an Italian may with justice entertain a notion of sacred music different from the notion of an Englishman on the same subject, and judging Verdi's Mass solely as an ornate illustration of the solemn themes with which it deals, there is nothing to prevent a right conclusion save, perhaps, the difficulty of reconciling one's self to certain of its more incongruous features. But that difficulty will disappear in time. The religious pictures of the old Italian masters present details such as shock the novice by their freedom, and even to his mind touch upon the blasphemous. But acquaintance removes the impressions thus early formed, and by-and-bye the student—novice no longer—sees in them nothing but an outcome, peculiar, it may be, to the country and the time, of exalted religious feeling. We should not forget that when Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was new to English ears it excited a storm of disapproval; whereas now it ranks among accepted sacred works. Such, in all likelihood, will be the happy fate of Verdi's Mass, despite the hardness with which it wrenches certain forms of musical expression from the lyric theatre and bends them to the service of the Church. The Brighton public received the work with not less favour than on a first presentation it has commanded elsewhere—eagerly applauding, as a matter of course, such beautiful sections as the 'Recordare Jesu pie' and the 'Agnus Dei.' Other portions were not understood with so little effort, and there are some—for example, the 'Sanctus' and the fugue of the 'Libera me, Domine'—which, whether understood or not, can never please; but, speaking generally, the Mass obtained a gracious reception, and more than justified its choice."

In his notice of another of Herr Kuhe's festival concerts, the same critic refers to Sir Julius Benedict's too much neglected overture, *The Enchanted Forest*:—

"The overture by Sir Julius Benedict, entitled *The Enchanted Forest*, was written to illustrate a well-known romance of the author of *Undine*. This work, though composed eight years ago, had, strange to say, been heard only once before, through the medium of an indifferent performance at a Philharmonic concert. And yet it is one of the most imaginative and musically things ever produced by the pupil of Weber. Admirable in point of construction and brimful of attractive themes, it possesses a still higher merit in the force and truth of a suggestiveness which brings the listener's mind into harmony with all that fancy may conceive of a region where natural and supernatural blend in mysterious union. We trust that this work will no longer lie neglected, since, in its case, neglect means positive injustice. Sir Julius himself conducted its performance, and must have been gratified by a marked success."

We are glad to know that the *Enchanted Forest* will be heard at the Crystal Palace concert of to-day.

CHRISTIANA.—A new theatre is to be erected in place of the one recently destroyed by fire. Half the requisite amount, 400,000 Norwegian thalers, will be raised in shares. The project has been energetically pushed forward, and subscriptions, already amounting to 250,000 crowns, have been received from all parts of Norway.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- PART I.
NONETTO, in F major, Op. 31, for violin, alto, flute, clarinet,
oboe, bassoon, horn, violoncello, and double bass—MM.
JOACHIM, ZERRINI, SVENDSEN, LAZARUS, DUBBUCC, WOTTON,
WESTLAND, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI Spohr.
SERENATA, "Vieni o cara" } Handel.
AIR, "Mi da speranza" }
SONATA, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," Op. 81, for piano-
forte alone—Mme SCHUMANN Beethoven.
PART II.
SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment... Handel.
Herr JOACHIM.
SONGS { Schubert.
... .. Schumann.
Herr HENSCHEL.
QUARTET, in C major, Op. 32, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI ... Haydn.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET, in D major, No. 7, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONGS, { "Star vicino" Salvatore Rosa
"Suol dur la vita allor" Buononcini.
Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN.
VARIATIONS SERIEUSES, in D minor, Op. 54, for pianoforte
alone—Mme SCHUMANN Mendelssohn.
ELEGIA, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor
PIATTI Piatto.
AIR, "On wings of music"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN Mendelssohn.
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—
Mme SCHUMANN, MM. STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive
four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.



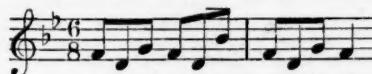
(At the Fish and Volume.—Midnight—candles.)

DR FOX.—What is your opinion of the new quartet?

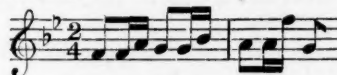
DR GOOSE.—I entertain a mixed opinion.

DR FOX.—On what account?

DR GOOSE.—Why, I think that (*hums*) :—



DR FOX (*interrupting him*).—Is very like (*hums*) :—

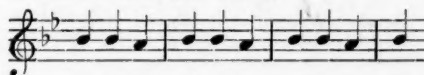


DR GOOSE.—Well, that *two-four* is very like *six-eight* —

DR FOX.—Second subject very like first—eh?

DR GOOSE.—Yes; and there was no great difficulty in making them come together.

DR FOX.—And what say you to (*hums*) :—

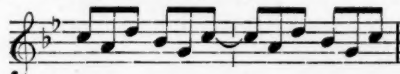


DR GOOSE.—Why, Raimondi would have mixed up all three—*six-eight*, *two-four*, and *three-four*—while shaving.

DR FOX.—Great fuss about nothing?

DR GOOSE.—The expression is *eft*—

DR FOX.—But how about this (*hums*) :—



DR GOOSE (*interrupting him*).—Going together with this (*hums*) :—



DR FOX.—You sing out of tune. Never mind. Here again we have *six-eight* and *two-four*, cheek by jowl.

DR GOOSE.—Raimondi composed three oratorios, either of which could be played alone, either two of which could be played together; and as for the matter of that, so could the three of 'em.

DR FOX.—Cui bono?

DR GOOSE.—Much ado about nothing.

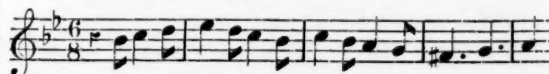
DR FOX.—Jullien made a wager that he would mix up two of his own oratorios with Raimondi's three, and no one would know that anything had been added.

DR FOX.—Wagner would throw in a sackful of his ninety-two motives, and —

DR GOOSE (*interrupting him*).—And no one would detect the impertinence. Some Englishman (*merus Anglicus*) wrote a canon in forty independent parts —

DR FOX (*interrupting him*).—So independent that no one knew there were more than four, if so many.

DR GOOSE.—But what say you to this (*hums*) :—



DR FOX.—A hepisode, as J. B. would say.

DR GOOSE.—A *quoi bon* the hepisode?

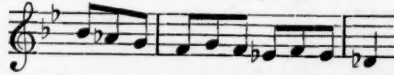
DR FOX.—To arrest the progress of the working out —

DR GOOSE (*interrupting him*).—Having nothing to do with it?

DR FOX.—Ganz recht. But you forget (*hums*) :—



DR GOOSE.—Which afterwards comes (*hums*) :—



DR FOX.—Inverted. Cur? Anybody can do that much.

DR GOOSE.—Well, such is the complexion of the times. To stop Liszt, who can't invent themes, and therefore can't invert them, our sticklers for the old school invert or reverse whatever, *non inventus*, comes into their heads.

[Candle goes out.—Apparition.]



HABBY LISZT.—My Benny Dick! What are those Philistines saying about me?

SUB BENNY DICK.—Sweet Habby, never mind. While you and I are neck to neck, we will hold our own. Your Elizabeth is adorable.

HABBY LISZT.—Your Peter is a stone with which you may lapidate your enemies.

BENNY.—O! Habby!

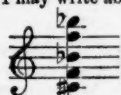
HABBY.—O! Benny! What do you think of my *Mazeppa*?

(Lightning, thunder, voice of Mr Ap'Mutton in the distance.)

AP'MUTTON'S VOICE.—Ho! Ho! Since I have obtained Odin's one eye and blue mantle, I wander through the universe like a *post mortem* spectre! Where art thou, Dr Shoe?

Where is my pen that I may write about *Mazeppa*!

[Tremendous crash.]



(Ap'Mutton's voice muttering inaudibly in space.)

HABBY LISZT.—That was the voice of Ap'Mutton.

BENNY DICK.—Ho! I must go! [Exit Benny Dick.]

WRAITH OF WAGNER.—Come along, Habby!

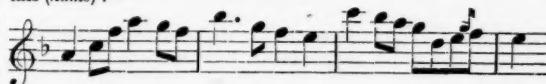
HABBY.—Oh! [Exit, on headless dragons, to Bayreuth.]

(Candles re-illuminated.)

DR FOX.—I thought Ap'Mutton was translated.

DR GOOSE.—He is now a cross between Wotan of the Spear and Ahasuerus the Wanderer. He has endevilled Flosshilde, and Wagner wants to put him in Walhalla, where the Scandinavian gods were brent.

DR FOX.—You know more than I imagined. But what say to this (*hums*):—



DR GOOSE.—A heavenly melody, worthy to go among the motives of the *Tetralogy*.

DR FOX.—Wagner has no melody.

DR GOOSE.—Hueffer says that his *melos* —

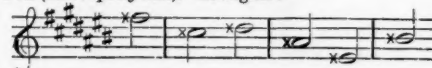
DR FOX (*interrupting him*).—*Melos* is good —

DR GOOSE.—That his *melos* is the only *melos* that surpasses Beethoven's *melos*.

DR FOX.—And my *melos*? I have written a song —

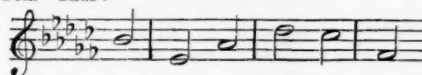
DR GOOSE.—Bother your song and your *melos* —

DR FOX (*interrupting him*).—It begins:—



DR GOOSE.—And how does it end?

DR FOX.—Thus:—



DR GOOSE.—Reversed?

DR FOX.—Reversed.

DR GOOSE.—But what about —

Bell rings.

DR FOX.—That bell? It sounds like the ring of Dishley Peters.

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.—Mr and Master Peters, please.

[Exit Drs FOX and GOOSE severally.]



MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN. (to WAITER).—What have those idiots been discussing?

WAITER.—Sir, it was something about a quartet; and they say that next week they will come and settle their differences about the other parts of it.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—You mean their inferences?

WAITER.—No, sir, their differences.

(Exit WAITER.)

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—They have been talking about —

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—The new quartet of Brahms.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—Something too much for them. Asses!

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Asses!

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—I also have something to say about that, which I shall communicate to you at our next meeting.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Grammercy, parent! I shall be all ears.

(Enter WAITER.)

WAITER.—Mr Secher of the *Eboly* asks to see you, sir.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—Tell him I'm sleepy, and that he was mistaken. (Exit WAITER.) I sup with Académus. And you, my boy?

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—I sup with Athenæus, just returned from France.
[*Exeunt severally from Fish and Volume.*]

CASUISTS and others are fond of debating whether it is more desirable to possess a heart capable of love and affection, sensitively alive to the claims of friendship, and ever ready to listen to the voice of pity and compassion, or to be absolutely indifferent to such considerations, and, like the Miller of the Dee in the ballad, to "care for nobody." The question is one which has been discussed very frequently, and, we are bound to add, with the amount of acrimony usually infused into topics which should be treated philosophically and dispassionately. Looking at it in its general bearings, we have neither the time nor the inclination to enter on it at length, nor the pretension to settle it satisfactorily if we had. If, however, we view it only as it affects us in our relation to popular favourites in the domain of dramatic or lyric art, we are almost inclined to think, when the hour arrives for those favourites to appear before us for the last time, that it would have been better had we not appreciated their talent so keenly, and not allowed them to obtain so firm a hold upon our sympathies. Mediocrity has its good side, after all. It can boast of a negative excellence not without its value. A merely respectable singer or a merely tolerable actor may fail to move our tears or excite our enthusiasm; but artists of this description, when they retire from public life, do not leave behind them regrets which are as acute as they are un-availing.

Such were our reflections as we entered the Gaiety to witness the last public appearance of the gifted and inimitable John Parry. At that moment we felt we liked him so much as almost to wish we had never seen him. We then tried to fancy that we were once more about to spend an exceedingly pleasant afternoon; we did all we knew to cajole ourselves into the notion that we should be delighted with the coming performance, as we had been delighted with so many performances of John Parry's in days gone by, and that we should enjoy it with increased zest, because we should never witness another. But in our inmost heart we were painfully aware that all the jolity, all the jauntiness which we assumed was a sham, with no more vitality in it than there was in Armand Du Plessis, Cardinal Duke of Richelieu, and First Minister of France, when, a short time previous to his death, he sought to look strong and well by the aid of painted cheeks, a daintily-waxed moustache, and a carefully-trimmed beard. It was in vain that we attempted to derive consolation from the fact that the audience, which filled every place in the house, included the Prince and Princess of Wales; many men eminent in literature, science, and art; and many others eminent—to our mind, at least—for their admiration of the Veteran Entertainer. "Does not such an assemblage as this prove," we said to ourselves, "how highly he was esteemed; how popular he was—and is? Of course it does." But that was just it. The distinguished gathering proved too much, a great deal too much, for it proved how heavy was the loss we were soon to sustain, and how very far we were from agreeing with Juliet that—

"Parting is such sweet sorrow."

It struck us, all our endeavours at self-deception notwithstanding, that parting is a somewhat bitter sorrow.

In the theatre a bill was given us. The first page, designed by the clever pencil of Alfred Thompson, presented to our gaze the portrait of the mobile, good-natured, and expressive face, which we knew so well. Around the portrait were depicted, among various objects due to the playful fancy of the limner, a number of mystic, weird-like hands. These, of course, represented a few of the multitudinous hands with which John Parry used to produce his marvellous effects on the piano, and which, by virtue of certain magic gloves, endowed with a power similar to that inherent in the *Tarnhelm*, or Casque of Darkness, worn by Siegfried in Herr R. Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, conferred invisibility on the fingers which they covered. Now that their owner has retired, there can be no harm in stating the fact, and destroying for ever the general but absurd notion that John Parry was provided with only one pair of hands. It is not Antiquity alone that can show a Briareus. Underneath the portrait was a scroll whereon were inscribed the words:—"Gaiety Theatre. Farewell Benefit to John Parry, February 7th, 1877." We read and re-read those words, as though they were printed in cuneiform characters, not to be deciphered save after minute scrutiny and repeated perusal. Yet the absurdity of thus poring over them was all the more glaring, because, even had they been in cuneiform characters, our instinct would at once have guessed what they meant. On the second page of the programme stood the announcement of Sheridan's play of *The Critic*, with a most brilliant cast. At the top of the latter stood the name of Mr Charles Mathews as Sir Fretful Plagiary, while, farther down, it figured opposite that of Puff. But Mr Charles Mathews had sent a clever, sprightly, and witty letter, informing Mr Hollingshead that the writer, laid up by "that agreeable complaint, so airily spoken of by those who never had it, 'a touch of the gout,'" was, to his deep disappointment, unable to take part in the benefit. So Mr Charles Collette, who made up in the semblance and imitated the manner of the perennially youthful sufferer, undertook the part of Puff, and Mr Bishop that of Sir Fretful. At length the curtain rose. We have been told that the performance of the play was excellent, and we do not doubt that it was; we have learnt subsequently, from various sources, that Miss Nelly Farren and Mr J. L. Toole, as well as all the other ladies and gentlemen who had so kindly offered their services on the occasion, sustained their respective characters with great success, and again we do not doubt that such was the case. But, in sober truth, we have no very distinct recollection of anything they did. We were too much absorbed with the third page of the programme, commencing: "After which MR. JOHN PARRY will attempt to recall reminiscences of bygone days under the title of 'Echoes of the Past.'" Then Mr. Soutar came forward and stated, as we were afterwards informed, that the proceeds of the benefit amounted to one thousand three hundred pounds. Then there was a pause; then from behind the curtain proceeded the sounds of the air: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"—the last air played in public by John Parry nine years ago; then the house re-echoed with the most enthusiastic applause, long continued, and ending only to burst forth afresh. A few words, bearing the impress of profound feeling and perfect sincerity, was the signal for still more applause, and then Time seemed to have adopted the mode of progression ascribed by Shakespeare to crabs, and we found ourselves once more listening to the woes endured by our old friend the Tenor, in consequence of that celebrated tin tack which some one has left on the stage, and which will keep running into the tenorial boot. After that we had the "Singing Lesson," and the "Operatic Rehearsal," with all the grace, the humour, and the genial irony of

former times. The next element in the programme was *Charity begins at Home*, given by Mr and Mrs German Reed's company, of which he whom we had met to honour was so long a member. This was succeeded by "Goosey, Goosey, Gander," as arranged by the retiring artist; a fragment from "Whittington and his Cat"; more cheering; more applause; much waving of hats and handkerchiefs, during which the one solitary occupant of the stage, deeply affected, kept bowing the gratitude which his tongue was unable to express, and then all was over. John Parry had, in his professional career, taken farewell of us for ever!

May he still be spared many years to enjoy the regard and respect he has so fairly earned, both as an artist and a man. May he long live to know that the impression produced by his wonderful creations was far too profound to pass away when he ceased to pursue the profession on which he cast so much lustre; and let him be assured that more than one spectator said sorrowfully to himself, when the curtain fell on the afternoon of the 7th February:

"I shall not look upon his like again."

N. V. N.

DEATHS.

On February 7th, in Paris, Monsieur GUILLAUME SIMON RICHAVLT, Music Publisher, of No. 4, Boulevard des Italiens, aged 71.

On February 19th, JOHN REGINALD NORRIS, only surviving son of James J. Monk, Professor of Music, 48, Oxford Street, Liverpool.

On February 21st, JOHN OXENFORD, Esq., aged 64.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following anecdote is narrated in relation to *La Fête du Village voisin*, recently revived at the Paris Opéra-Comique. At one of the early performances, a member of the company was indisposed. Martin, an immense favourite, was asked to request the indulgence of the public. Though an admirable singer, he was a poor orator. However, he advanced towards the footlights, and stammered: "Ladies, and—and—gentlemen—our comrade X*** is, at this moment, not in a—that is—he is in a—he is unable—because—that is, in consequence—in fact, I might say—a—a—not feeling capable—" One of the audience cried out: "Sing it, Martin, old fellow; you will get on better."

MOLLE CONTAT, according to the *Journal de Musique*, was, oratorically considered, quite the reverse of Martin. Fleury said: "She is a woman who would make the audience applaud her dressmaker's bill, if she recited it upon the stage."

On the 8th of next month, at two o'clock, the honorary degree of doctor of music will be conferred upon Herr Joachim in the Senate House of Cambridge University, the determination to pay this honour to the distinguished foreign musician, so well known and so highly honoured in England, having been arrived at last May. The actual ceremony will consist of nothing more than the presentation of Herr Joachim to the Vice-Chancellor by the Public Orator, who, in a Latin speech, will review his musical career. Following this, however, at eight in the evening, Herr Joachim, Mus. Doc., will attend a concert of the University Musical Society, at which original compositions by himself and Brahms will be played. The occasion will be one of special interest.

ACCORDING to Dr Burney, Queen Mary, having expressed approbation of the Scotch air, "Cold and raw," Purcell made it a perpetual bass to a song in the next birthday ode, 1602, beginning, "May her blest example chase." This pleasantry is said to have been occasioned by Her Majesty's asking for the tune after Mr Goatling, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and the celebrated Mrs Arabella Hunt, with Purcell to accompany them on the harpsichord, had exerted their united talents to amuse their august listener with compositions which they supposed—erroneously, it would seem—to be of a superior class.

M. OSWALD has just brought to light the following curious letter from Auber to Scribe, who had requested the composer to let him have a "monstre" for a certain part of *Zerline, ou la Corbeille d'Oranges*, performed in 1851, at the Paris Opéra-Comique. A "monstre" is a set of nonsense verses, written to serve as model for the librettist, and give him an idea of what the musician requires. Auber's letter runs thus:—

"Here you have, my dear Eugène, the heroine's air in the second act. I have this instant finished it. Spanish style. The scene is at Naples, of course. Something with go in it. Make her speak of her love. She still resists; but that will not be for long. I want you to do something in this style, you know:—

RECTATIF.

J'ai remarqué que la particulière
A la jambe tres-journalière.

CANTABILE.

Aie! Aie! Aie! quel fichu mal!
Tra la la! j'ai la sciatique!
Vive la reine Marguerite,
Et le tabac de caporal!
J'étais, hier soir, au Gymnase,
Et je vous donne pour certain
Que, pour un homme de mon âge,
Je suis rentré tard ce matin.

ALLEGRO.

Le journal l'Epoque
A beaucoup de vogue.
L'armée et la flotte
Le lisent souvent.
Lorsque la princesse
Est mal à son aise,
Elle se dessèche
Ainsi qu'une fleur.
Aimer, quelle vie!
Rimer, quelle scie!
Cette poésie
M'a mis en sueur!

For the *stretto*, three lines. The remainder as above. Ever yours."

WE are told that, besides playing upon the lute and virginals, Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the violin, and on an instrument something resembling a lute, but strung with wire, and called: a poliphant. A violin of singular construction, with the arms of England and the crest of Dudley, Earl of Leicester (the Queen's favourite), engraved upon it, was sold at a sale of one of the Dukes of Dorset. From its date, 1578, and from the arms and crest, Queen Elizabeth is conjectured to have been its original possessor. It is curiously carved. The several parts, however, are so loaded with ornaments, that it does not possess more tone than an ordinary violin muted. The neck, too thick to be grasped by the hand, has a hole for the performer's thumb. The hand is incapable of shifting, so that nothing save what lies within its first position can be executed.

There was an old fellow called Barrable,
Who found that his land wasn't arable;
So he said, "Let me see,
I'll do photography"—
And made money! this knowing old Barrable.

The young Abercorn,
Though so lately born,
Now learns by a laugh,
To know nothing but chaff.

Bentwell.

WE have been requested by the widow of the late Dr George Tolhurst to return her sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly assisted in relieving her immediate necessities, and for their sympathy with her in her bereavement.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE ninth festival of the St Monica Institute took place in the Shoreditch Town Hall with success. The "star" of the evening was Mdme Liebhart, who sang Mr G. B. Allen's "Little Bird" and two old English ballads, being on each occasion "called" several times. Mdme Liebhart was in excellent voice, and sang with her usual bright spirit. Mr Maybrick gave "Nancy Lee," and Mr Henry Guy, Sullivan's "Sweethearts." A feature in the evening's entertainment was the whistle of the locomotives on the railway that passes over the Town Hall, and which "assisted" the audience in their applause. Herr Wilhelm Ganz played his new galop, "Allons vite," with great effect, and Signor Carozzi a solo on the flute admirably. Miss Bella Thomas, a pupil of Signor Randegger, made a favourable debut. Her voice is fresh and well trained. The conductors were Herren Ganz and Lehmeier.

At Langham Hall, Mr Charles E. Tinney gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music. The audience, both large and fashionable, testified by frequent applause their appreciation of the efforts of the several exccutants. The concert opened with Smart's trio, "Queen of Night," well sung by Mdmes Kate Brand, Orridge, and Mr C. E. Tinney. Miss Orridge gave "Long years ago," accompanied by the composer, Mr Tinney. Mr L. Oswald followed with Hatten's song, "To Anthea." Mr Tinney sang "The Borderer," and was recalled. Miss Kate Brand gave several songs most effectively. Miss Leonora Braham obtained a recall for the "Jewel Song" in *Faust*. Mr Henry Guy sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" (recalled), and also a charming serenade, "Luna, veil thy light," composed by Mr Tinney, the composer accompanying. The second part opened with a dramatic quartet (MS.), sung by Mdmes Brand and Orridge, Mr Guy and Mr Tinney, entitled "Song of the Evil Spirit of the Woods." The instrumentalists were Miss Isabel Thurgood (pianoforte) and Mr S. A. Tinney (flageolet), both of whom acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr H. Seligman gave Sullivan's "Looking Forward," and Mr Tinney gave "Nancy Lee."

A GREAT number of artists have, during the winter season, had the good fortune to be admitted to Mrs Ely's "At Homes," which take place every Friday, from eight to eleven. The large, elegant salons and the fine music-room of that lady are thrown open on that night to a small number of music lovers and a large number of vocal and instrumental artists. The centre of the room is occupied by a fine organ, and two grand pianofortes are placed in the adjoining room. A large musical library, some rare instruments, and a few pictures adorn the walls. Everything breathes of comfort and taste. Mrs Ely, herself an excellent organist, generally plays a prelude by Bach or Handel, which is followed by a selection of music improvised by the artists. The accomplished hostess has "received" since last October the *élite* of the profession, to whom she is a devoted friend and a generous patron. Mrs Ely is to be congratulated on the taste and refinement with which she superintends these interesting re-unions.

THE programme of Mr Augustus L. Tamplin's recital, in the "Estey" Organ Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, consisted of a Preludium; "La Colombe," *entr'acte* (Gounod); Duetto, "Dolce conforto al misero, *Il Giuramento* (Mercadante)—the Misses Allitsen; Toccata (Hasler); Song, "Der Wanderer" (Schubert)—Miss Allitsen; Berceuse (A. Fiori); Duets, "Autumn" (Schumann), and "The Harvest Field" (Mendelssohn)—the Misses Allitsen; Fantasia, *Dimorah* (Meyerbeer).

How far the previously announced intention of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales being present at the performance of Verdi's *Requiem* in commemoration of Manzoni may have influenced the great attendance at the Albert Hall on Monday night it would be difficult to ascertain. A more brilliant assemblage has rarely congregated in that enormous building, and when the exceptionally late hour for commencing the work—nine o'clock—arrived, the vast *salle* was filled in every part. Since the memorable occasion of the introduction in May, 1875, when the artistic world of London was invited to welcome the illustrious composer on the first production of the Mass, with Mdme Stoltz, Mdle Waldman, Signor Masini, and Signor Medini as solo and quartet, Verdi's contribution to sacred music has become more or less familiar to amateurs, both in the metropolis and in the provinces. That no pains were spared to secure an effective rendering may be inferred from it is stated that the quartet of vocalists consisted of Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Anna Williams, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli; the choruses being, as formerly, entrusted to the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, Mr Barny directing a strong and efficient orchestra, and Dr. Stainer presiding at the organ.

COPENHAGEN.—M. Délibes' comic opera, *Le Roi l'a dit*, is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal.

PROVINCIAL.

REIGATE.—On Tuesday evening, the 13th February, a ballad concert was given in the Market Hall, under the direction of Mr J. Benfield, for the benefit of the Church Schoolmasters and Mistresses Benevolent Institution. The concert was announced as being under the patronage of Sir H. W. Peek, Bart., M.P., and Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., M.P. The Mayor of Reigate (W. Carruthers, Esq.) "presided." There was a large attendance, and the efforts of the artists who took part in the programme were much appreciated. The programme—the only fault of which was its length—consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and "readings" by Mr J. Trevarthen. The promoters of the concert had been fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Marion Green, the daughter of a resident of Redhill, and pupil of F. B. Jewson, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Green played Beethoven's grand sonata in C, Op. 53; Mendelssohn's 5th Book of *Lieder*, as well as a polonaise by Chopin, and proved herself a thorough master of the instrument of her predilection. She played each piece in artistic style, and was loudly applauded.—*Abridged from a Local Journal*.

WEST MALVERN.—This usually quiet locality was a scene of bustle and animation on Tuesday evening, February 17th, in consequence of another of those popular entertainments got together by the exertions of the Rev. F. T. Grey. Too much praise—says the *Malvern News*—cannot be bestowed upon a gentleman who will endeavour to enliven and add to the dulness of the season, when the sun is in its winter solstice, and Nature seems to be lying in a dormant condition. The schoolroom in which the entertainment was given was filled to overflowing, such an array of amateur and professional talent being selected as insured success. The lady vocalist was Miss Gillam, and the gentlemen were Messrs Brown, Elzy, Evans, Lockyer, Ogg, and Watson, Master Batchelor, and the Rev. F. T. Grey. Mrs Fitton was the pianist, and Mr F. F. Rogers the accompanist. "Readings" by Messrs J. Lewis and Corder were also given. Among the noteworthy singing was that of Mr J. M. Evans, whose "Mary Lee" (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr F. F. Rogers) elicited a great deal of applause. The Rev. F. T. Grey, on behalf of those present, thanked the Rev. C. E. Freeman for his kindness in supporting the entertainment, and stated that, when the Easter holidays commenced, they would endeavour to provide other such amusements for the district.

WEST BROMWICH.—At the second concert of the West Bromwich Choral Society Mr Anderton's cantata, *John Gilpin*, was given with unqualified success. The principal parts were sustained by Misses Emma Beasley and Emilie Lloyd, Messrs V. Rigby and Hilton, all acquitting themselves in a manner that left nothing to desire. The choruses were sung in a manner to reflect great credit upon the conductor, Mr W. Hartland, who, considering that the Society has existed barely eighteen months, has achieved wonders. The composer expressed himself highly pleased with the performance. The second part of the programme (miscellaneous) calls for no special remark. It would, however, be unjust not to refer to the accompanist, Miss Lizzie Hartland, whose services, like those of her brother, being tended gratuitously, are all the more appreciated.

DUBLIN.—On Tuesday evening, February 13, Miss Elena Norton's clever comic opera, *The Rose and the Ring*, was given at the Antient Concert-rooms with great success. The *Irish Times* says:—"We have already noticed Miss Norton's able composition at length, and have only now to say that the performance was a very excellent and enjoyable one. The first and worthiest of Irish musicians, Sir Robert Stewart, lent his valuable service as conductor, and the opera was admirably cast. Conspicuously successful was the singing of Miss Elena Norton, who, in the elegant ballad, "He does not love me," exhibited charm, finish, and delicacy of style. She was warmly applauded and frequently encoored. The soprano and contralto parts, taken respectively by Miss A. O'Hea and Miss Heyne, were filled very efficiently. Miss Norton has experienced the *premier pas qui coule*. Her success ought to encourage her to further venture in the art which she has hitherto followed with so much success."

GLASGOW.—An excellent opportunity was given by the directors of the City Hall Saturday evening concerts to the public of Glasgow of hearing Mdme Sinico, Mdme Rose Hersee, Mdme Demerich-Lablache, Mr Snazelle, Signor Campobello, and Signor Norito, (clarinet). The artists did their best, and the services of Mr Berger as pianist were entirely acceptable to the audience. The concert opened with a duet for the clarinet and piano; and the tasteful execution of Mr Berger, and wonderful facility of manipulation, as well as sweetness of playing, displayed by Signor Norito, the clarinetist, were received with great favour. Mr Snazelle sang "The German Wedding Song" (Poniatowski) with appropriate expression, and his other songs were also rendered with a tastefulness worthy of hearty commendation. Signor Campobello, who received a most

cordial greeting, retains all his freshness of voice and the qualities which make him a favourite. Mme Sinico contributed "Connais-tu le pays?" and another romance by E. Campobello, entitled "Forget thee;" but, perhaps, nothing that she sung took so well as her singing of "Home, sweet home." Mme Hersee shone with her accustomed brilliancy in "Where the bee sucks." Mme Lablache was heard to advantage in songs by Randegger and Donizetti. The hall we have seen better filled when the programme was not so attractive.

RAMSGATE.—A correspondent informs us that an attractive concert was given in the Concert-room of the Granville Hotel on the 17th inst. The vocalists were Miss Larkcom, Mr Gordon, and Mr Pearson. Mr John Cheshire played three harp solos, all encored. The entertainment gave much pleasure to a numerous audience.

CONSOLATION.

How sweet, upon a summer's day,
When cares my bosom wring,
To stray into the woods, and hear
The birds in chorus sing.
And if a rippling stream should chance
To cross the path I trace,
I'll kneel me down upon its brink,
And bathe my fevered face.
Then on a mossy bank I'll sit,
To hear the thrush's note;—
O wondrous voice! so rich and sweet!
My cares are all forgot.

J. C. B.

SONNET.

EVENING CLOUDS.

Serene above me float the clouds so bright,
Their skirtings tipp'd with evening's golden ray;
Like wide-spread screens they hang athwart the way,
Whence come the beams that sparkle through the night.
They're banners, held to decorate the height
Of heaven's blue arch, through which the sun hath sailed;
Their fleecy form withholdeth now the sight
Of night's pale orb, that waits to be unveiled.
So now my fortune, like the sinking sun,
Adown the dreary way is falling fast;
The clouds which fled, when I my course did run,
Will make the sky look dull and overcast.
Though pure and fine, and seem but gay air-toys,
They'll soon grow dense, and shut out all life's joys.
Lent, 1877. DOWNHILL SMITH.

KARLSRUHE.—Herr Ignatz Brüll's opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, has been successfully produced at the Grand Ducal Theatre.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Marchetti's *Gustavo Wasi* is announced at the Pergola, and is to be followed by Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi*.

BARCELONA.—A buffo opera, *Fior di Rosa*, the libretto of which is founded on the French *Fleur de Thé*, has been produced at the Teatro Principal. The music is by Señor Galleani.

BRESLAU.—The second Silesian Musical Festival will be held here at Whitsuntide, under the joint direction of Herren Julius Schäffer, Bernard Scholz, and Ludwig Deppe.

STRASSBURGH.—Eighty pupils of the Teachers' Seminary recently gave a performance of Mendelssohn's music to Sophocles' *Edipus in Colonnos*. Herr Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz* has been produced at the Stadttheater. Meyerbeer's *Africaine* is in rehearsal.

PRAGUE.—Liszt was announced to appear at the Literary and Artistic Association on the 15th inst., to play two compositions by Mosonyi, two by Dr Hans von Bülow, and one by Count Geza Zichy.

DRESDEN.—Herr F. Ries, the music publisher, has announced for the end of the present month a work which will doubtless prove very interesting. It is entitled: *Friedrich Chopin, sein Leben, seine Werke, und seine Briefe* (Frederick Chopin, his Life, Works, and Letters), by Herr Moritz Karasowski.

ST PETERSBURG.—*La Forza del Destino*, written for this capital and first produced here in 1863, has been performed at the Italian Operahouse by Signore Stolz, Cary, Signori Masini, Padilla, Strozzi, and Capponi.—Sig. Masini has been re-engaged.

JULES JANIN'S LIBRARY.*

A few days more, and the auctioneer's hammer at the Hôtel Drouot will have scattered to the four corners of the globe all that represented to the present generation the sympathetic survivor of the brightest epoch in our literary and political life, an exquisite, accomplished, and—for us writers—never-to-be-forgotten type of a gentleman, a man of letters, and an honest man, who, for nearly fifty years of lively, original, and disinterested criticism, had only admirers, and never made an enemy. Nothing will now remain of Jules Janin but his works, or, rather, a few of his books, for, as to what constitutes his real glory and undisputed authority, that is: the *feuilleton*, the article written from day to day, we might as well ask the autumn wind to account for the leaves it carries off, or Echo for the song of the passer-by. We are not speaking, however, of the pictures, the objects of art, or the old antique furniture. The dispersion of these things is a necessary fact; the division of an inheritance; a museum offered to commerce; the circulation of merchandise.—But the library? But the books, so well known throughout Europe, and less precious, perhaps, for the unparalleled splendour of the paper, the printing, the original drawings, and the binding, for their rarity and their selection, than for their dedications and the autographic notes in which J. J. drew himself as he lived and breathed—is it not a poignant sorrow, and is it not an unpardonable fault of the Institute to have allowed this collection truly worthy of the French Academy to escape them, when nothing was needed for them to possess it save their acceptance of the condition stipulated by the widow of installing it in a special room, bearing the name of the glorious and dearly loved companion of her life? They hesitated and waited, so, when Death, who does not wait, sent the lady to rejoin her husband, the power of decision was naturally left to the heirs, and they did not hesitate availing themselves of their right. The sale will begin on the 16th inst., and last eight days.

As much as, if not more than, the two most important sales for the last twenty years, during which we have had some exceedingly curious ones—Solar's sale, remarkable for the number of volumes, the prices they fetched, and the fabulous sumptuousness of the bindings, which caused a very keen connoisseur to say that the best expert of such a sale could be no other than a jeweller—and Brunet's sale, the most irreproachable, though perhaps somewhat too systematic, as regards old editions—this sale of Janin's, with only its 1,377 lots, has already thrown all amateurs and booksellers into a fever of excitement.

And there is good reason for it, since, of all kinds of fancies, the love of books is the most intelligent and the most tenacious; it is, also, that in which individual tastes are marked by the most exclusive predilections and singular likings; this is what distinguishes the bibliomaniac from the real bibliophile. One man values only old books; another, only modern ones. For persons of the former class, the oldest editions, the binding of the period, manuscripts, books produced in the infancy of the printer's art, gems, and rarities, never cost too much. For persons of the second category, splendid editions, large-sized paper, double or triple engravings, the mosaic and other work executed by our marvellous French binders, those goldsmiths in leather and moire—as Victor Hugo would say—realise the ideal of possession. Certain libraries are exclusively historical or scientific; others, theological, romantic, dramatic, or poetical; facetious, musical, oratorical, eccentric, &c.; we know specimens belonging to each of these kinds. There are gleanings for all in Janin's collection, which contains something for every taste.

We shall mention no title; we should not have room enough to do so, and we should be infringing upon the catalogue—a masterpiece of that excellent printer's, Jousaust—very learnedly compiled by M. Potier, and, as M. Louis Ratisbonne says, in a preface filially clever, revealing all the charming arcana of a library which, though long celebrated, is not much known, and which M. Albert de la Fizelière and our venerated master, Paul Lacroix, have already summarily described.

"Charming" is the right word. There is the name, for instance, of Mad. Adèle Janin borne by many of the volumes, and those not the least magnificent, and either engraved or chased on their covers, enveloped in an affectionate dedication, or printed in the

* From *Le Figaro*.

text—what can be more charming for those who were well acquainted with domesticity marked by such constant serenity, and of married life in which devotion on the one side competed with admiration on the other?

Charming, too, and sometimes very touching, are the notes with which he enriched his books, as if he had foreseen what additional value the latter would derive from those notes. We will quote a few of them.

On the first fly-leaf of a superbly bound manuscript of his *Gaietés champêtres*, I read:—

Here, my dear child, is a manuscript of the *Gaietés champêtres*, written in honour of my wife, most honoured and esteemed of all the beautiful women in the universe.—J. JANIN.—With the quasi-funeral date of 1873 (fall of M. Thiers).

He was in the habit, we must state, whenever the fact of his purchasing or receiving a book coincided with any event which interested his opinions or his heart, of confiding it, so to speak, to this natural friend. Thus, on a copy of the *Edicts et ordonnances des très Chrétiens Rois, &c.*, he writes:—

An old book bought on the quais. I saved it from ruin in the midst of the ruin brought about in 1848.—J. J.

Sometimes his annotation is in verse:—

Tiré pour quinze amis sur papier de Hollande;
Deux ou trois ont gardé cette amicale offrande.

The book is Alfred Busquet's poem, *La Nuit de Noël*.

On another occasion, it was Rachel who brought him triumphantly the priceless quarto manuscript in which M. Laurent, Inspector at the Comédie-Française, recorded, day by day, in a series of extraordinary caligraphic feats, all the characters played or "created" by her from her first appearance on the 12th June, 1838, to the 23rd March, 1855, as well as the detailed account of the receipts, the total of which amounted to 4,394,231 francs, 10 centimes; he thus transcribes the conversation between "The Great One" ("La Grande") and himself:—

MADemoiselle RACHEL A JULES JANIN

Je dépose en vos mains mes titres de noblesse.

M. JULES JANIN A RACHEL.

Soit! Je conserverai vos parchemins, Altesse!

Le 25 avril 1855. JULES JANIN.*

Passing over a great many other things, we may hastily mention the *Daphnis et Chloé*, by Amyot, the original edition with the Regent's figures, engraved by Audran. In this book Janin first writes with the pride of a bibliophile:—

This copy belonged to Roger Collard. It comes out of his library, and it was young Andral, his grandson, who gave it me on the 9th February, 1848.—J. J.

Then, on the fly-leaf, after mentioning the different editions of the Greek romance, he writes with the acuteness of the journalist:—

Monseigneur, said an Italian artist to Phillippe d'Orleans, on seeing his drawings for Longus, you are a master of drawing. There wants scarcely anything to make you a great artist, save for you to be a poor devil like me, *di poco necessità*.†

One of the ten copies on India paper of Alexandre Dumas the Younger's plays is ornamented with the following words, written in pencil, which are a eulogium as much as an expression of thanks:—

Much pleased and exceedingly proud.—Jules Janin.

Lastly, there is a volume with the arms of the Countess de Verrue (*L'Académie galante*, and the *Différents caractères de l'Amour*, 1682—1685):—

March, 1849.—This little book has not appeared in any of the sales during the past six months, so fertile in wrecks. It was found on *Rosalinde's* toilet table between a pot of paint and a bottle of Portugal Water. The destiny of books!

(To be continued.)

* MADemoiselle RACHEL TO JULES JANIN.

I deposit in your hands my patents of nobility.

M. JULES JANIN TO RACHEL.

So be it. I will preserve your deeds, Highness!

The 25th April, 1855. JULES JANIN,

† Sic, in *Le Figaro*, at least,

WAIFS.

Mr W. A. Barrett, the eminent musical critic, has undertaken to superintend the musical section of the Exhibition of Ancient Printed Books, &c., for the Caxton Celebration at Stationers' Hall in June.

Wagner's *Walküre* is in active rehearsal at Vienna.

M. Capoul has accepted an engagement at St Petersburg.

Herr Wilhelmj is engaged for a tour in the United States.

The Swedish Ladies' Quartet are now giving concerts in Italy.

Beethoven's tomb in Währing Cemetery is in a dilapidated state.

Mr Wilford Morgan has returned to town from his concert tour.

Miss Edith Wynne is engaged for the forthcoming Leeds Festival in September.

The oratorio performed on Saturday at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival was the *Creation*.

Professor A. Kraus and his Son have organised an exhibition of musical instruments at Florence.

An appeal has been made in favour of a great granddaughter of Rameau's, who is in a state of indigence.

Mad. Lacombe Duprez, niece of the famous tenor, has been engaged for three years at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

The attitude of Russia towards Turkey is thus explained: the Czar believes Ottomans were made to be sat upon.

M. Amédée Pichot, chief editor of *La Revue Britannique*, died recently in Paris, aged eighty-one.

After witnessing the first performance of his opera, *Die Maccabäer*, M. Anton Rubinstein left for London, *vid* Berlin.

The rehearsals of Schumann's *Genoveva* are being vigorously pushed forward at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Order of the Red Eagle, Fourth Class, has been conferred upon Herr Robert Radecke, Royal Prussian Chapelmaster.

M. Alfred Jaell is making a tour through Switzerland. He has already appeared at Bâle, Berne, Neuchâtel, Geneva, &c.

Mdlle Moiset, who achieved a success at Venice, as Ophelia, shortly leaves France for Florence, to sustain the same character.

The rehearsals for the Musical Festival at Liège have commenced. The orchestra will number 140, and the chorus 800 performers.

M. Offenbach's *La Foire Saint-Laurent*, libretto by MM. H. Crémieux and Saint-Albin, has been produced at the Folies-Dramatiques.

Manfred, with Schumann's music, was to be performed for the first time in Berlin, at the Royal Operahouse to-day, Herr Kahle sustaining the chief part.

It is for five years, and not merely for the season of 1877-78, as erroneously stated, that M. Aimé Gros has been appointed manager of the Lyons Theatres, enjoying a grant from the Government.

The pupils of the Conservatory of Music at Boston (U.S.) gave their quarterly concert on the 6th inst., in Tremont Temple. The eleventh year of the institution began on the 15th.

Mr W. A. Barrett, who has, by fair right of distinction, been elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature, will lecture at the room in St Martin's Lane on literary and musical topics, early next June.

M. Obin, professor of lyric elocution at the Paris Conservatory, will return to the stage, for the purpose of sustaining the character of Father Joseph in M. Gounod's *Cinq-Mars*, at the Opéra-Comique.

The pianoforte manufactory of Messrs Squire & Sons, Stanhope Street, Euston Road, was burnt to the ground on Monday night. The property destroyed is estimated at between £15,000 and £16,000.

The Emperor and the Empress of Brazil lately visited the Conservatory of Music in Naples. They were received by the Governors, the Marchese di Laino Spinelli and Baron Genovese, and the Director, the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi.

Mdlle Aimée and her company have been singing at the New York Eagle Theatre. During her stay she will produce *Les Dragons de Villars*, *Madame l'Archiduc*. Among the latter will be *La Belle Poule*, *La Reine Indigo*, *Le Châlet*, and *La Petite Marie*.

Messrs Simpson & Co., of Argyl Street, have issued a valuable little book, by Mr Jacob Bradford, entitled *The Music Pupils Register*, designed for the use of schools and elementary pupils. It will be found of essential service to music teachers desirous of saving their own time and that of their pupils.

The following is the cast of M. J. Massenet's new work, *Le Roi de Lahore*, now in rehearsal at the Grand-Opéra, Paris: Sitâ, a young priestess, Mdlle de Reszké; Kaled, a slave, Mdlle Fouquet; Alim, King of Lahore, M. Salomon; Scindia, a usurper, M. Lasalle; Timour, the Grand Priest, M. Boudouresque; Indra, a god, M. Menu; a chief, M. Auguez.

The interdict against female singers in churches has been removed in Paris. Sixty pupils of the Conservatory sang in the *Requiem* recently celebrated for Habeneck at the Trinity.

The company with which Sig. Gardini intends giving Italian operatic performances, to begin next month, in Berlin, will comprise among its members Mdle Etelka Gerster, Signori Marini, Mendioroz, and Bagagiolo. Sig. Bevignani is to be conductor.

A lawyer, hailing from Galesburg, Illinois, was asked by a lady in a railway car to get her a cup of coffee. He obeyed her request with alacrity, paid ten cents for the coffee, charged the lady fifteen cents, and pocketed five cents as his commission on the transaction.

Cagliostro, the celebrated French prestidigitateur and necromancer (just arrived from New York), will make his first appearance in his "Cataclysm of Mysteries" at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday. "Cagliostro is a great conjuror and a very handsome gentleman."—*American Papers*.

Mad. Adelina Patti will proceed from St Petersburg to Vienna, where the Italian operatic season commences on the 3rd March and terminates on the 4th May. In addition to Mad. Patti, the company includes Mad. Trebelli, Signori Nicolini and Masini, tenors; Sig. Strozzi, barytone; and Signori Zucchini and Ciampi, buffos.

"It does certainly seem," observed an American Editor, during the political struggle lately going on in the United States, "as if woman was placed rather in the background. But though she cannot vote or appear in processions, she can cut the wood and bring up the coal, and thus leave the men more time to talk over matters."

Mr Shakespeare's singing in the *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall, on Ash Wednesday, is thus spoken of by *The Standard*:—"Mr Shakespeare, upon whom the whole of the tenor music devolved, acquitted himself ably of his arduous task. He phrases like a true artist and sings with musicianly feeling. Mr Shakespeare's greatest success was in the air 'Behold and see,' rendered in perfect taste, and with much power of emotional expression."

An International and Retrospective Musical Exposition will be held at Bologna in 1878. The Minister of Public Instruction has promised the support of the government and a grant of money. Sig. Antonio Zanolini, member of the Italian Senate, has been appointed chairman of the committee. It is to be regretted that this Exposition will be simultaneous with Paris, one section of which is exclusively reserved for ancient musical instruments.

Two orchestral concerts are announced to take place next week, conducted by Mr Frederic Archer, at Sheffield. Mr Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mdme Patey are to be the principal vocalists; Mr Carrodus, leader; and Mr Archer, solo organist and pianist. Among other "classical" things, Symphonies by Beethoven and Mendelssohn are to be given, as well as Sterndale Bennett's overture *The Naiades*, and his pianoforte concerto in F minor. The proceeds of the undertaking are to be given to local Charities.

Mad. Nilsson, intended to sing at Geneva, but has changed her mind, and the city on the lake will not hear her. The following, we are told, is the reason. The Theatre is under the superintendence of a Committee of exceedingly pious and proper persons, who insisted, before giving their permission for the lady to appear, that *Faust* should not be one of the operas played, and that the costumes worn by the lady should be submitted to the Committee for approbation. Mad. Nilsson determined not to visit Geneva.

The ladies of Paris have followed the example set by Mad. MacMahon, for the purpose of aiding the Charity Ball at the New Operahouse on the 27th inst. One hundred of them will figure as patronesses. An immense awning will cover the steps in front of the building so that the leaders of fashion will be able to descend from their carriages without fear of inconvenience from wet. Herr Johann Strauss has offered his services gratuitously, which, as his terms are several thousand francs a night, means that he is one of the most liberal subscribers to the ball.

Mr Burnand's *Black-Eyed Susan*, the most popular of modern burlesques, has been revived at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, and is now given every evening, with the old farce of *Mr and Mrs White for a lever de rideau*. Mr F. Dewar resumes his original part of Captain Crosstree, of which he gives an admirably comic exposition. Miss Maggie Brennan plays with much vivacity the part of Susan, closely associated with the fame of Miss M. Oliver. Other roles, which are well supported, are the William of Miss Bessie Bonehill, Mr Fawn's Dame Hatley, Miss Nelly Harris's Dolly Mayflower, and the Shaun of Miss N. Phillips. The whole is mounted with signal care, and forms a highly attractive entertainment.

A clergyman in Connecticut lately desired to call the attention of his congregation to the fact that, as it was the last Sunday in the month, he would administer the rite of Baptism to children. Pre-

viously to entering the pulpit, he received from one of the Elders, who, by the way, was exceedingly deaf, an intimation to the effect that, as the children would be present in the afternoon, and he (the Elder) had the new Sunday School books ready for distribution, they would be there for all who wished to purchase them. After the service, the clergyman began the notice of Baptismal service thus: "All of those having children whom they desire to have baptised, will bring them this afternoon." At this point, the deaf Elder, hearing the mention of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books. Under this impression, he rose and said: "And all of those having none and desiring them will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents."

About two promising pupils of Madame Sainton-Dolby at Kuhe's Brighton Festival, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* speaks as follows:—

"The vocalists were Miss Julia Wigan and Miss Adela Vernon, two of the most promising among the sopranos now making their way to the front. Since it is as difficult to sing well Mozart's sentimental arias as to play perfectly his pianoforte sonatas, Miss Wigan must be congratulated upon success with 'Porgi amor.' But her dashing execution of 'Ernani involami' produced a greater effect upon the audience, who quickly appreciated excellence destined ere long to obtain wider acknowledgment. Miss Vernon had only one song—Costa's 'Dall' Asilio'—but in that she made her mark, confirming the good impression created last year, showing that the interval had been employed to acquire greater command over somewhat exceptional means. Mr Kuhe deserves to be thanked for giving young artists such as these ladies an opportunity of showing what they can do."

It is the boast of England that no musical composer, whatever his nationality, is denied a fair hearing; but there is danger that in the multitude of claimants there is some chance of native talent being thrown in the shade. No higher branch of composition can be found than that which contributes to the elevation of cathedral service, and amongst all who have worked in this direction not one is worthier honour than Henry Purcell. With the view of saving his sacred compositions from being thrust aside—especially those anthems which for nearly 200 years have been the glory of church music in its highest office—the Liverpool Sacred Harmonic and Purcell Society was instituted. The society already numbers over fifty members, the patronage embracing names well known in connection with music generally, and the Purcell revival scheme is fortunate in having as its president Mr W. L. Rushton, who has shown much enthusiasm in the work.

EDINBURGH ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL.—The third and last of our great orchestral concerts was given on Tuesday night, the 13th inst., to a crowded audience. This "Reid" Concert of 1877 is the twelfth given under the direction of our present Professor of Music, and during twelve years we have seen, thanks to Sir Herbert Oakeley's energy, the Reid Commemoration Concert made the nucleus of an orchestral festival at which music of the highest class, with the best performers, is given. Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* immediately followed the Reid music. The concerto for piano and orchestra, the only composition of the kind written by Schumann, was perfect from beginning to end, the most prominent feature being the playing of Mr Hallé. We had also a fine performance of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor conducted by Mr Hallé. Sir Herbert Oakeley's "Edinburgh" March made a very fitting conclusion to the festival. Mdle Thekla Friedländer gave Weber's "Glücklein im Thale," the "Aria di Giovannini," by Bach, and "Ask me no more," by Sir Herbert Oakeley. Signor Foli sang Handel's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers."—*Edinburgh Courier*.

MR LAMBORN COCK'S SALE OF COPYRIGHTS.—This important sale, which has just taken place under the direction of Messrs Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, has produced a grand total of £8,254 3s. 2d., the catalogue comprising 379 lots only. The competition was brisk throughout, and the prices ruled high, as will be seen from the subjoined list, showing the result of the principal items. Lot 34, Beethoven's Works, edited by Sir Sterndale Bennett, £250 15s. 3d. (Ashdown & Parry). Lots 40 and 41, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Works, £536 8s. 6d. (J. Williams). Lot 75, Sir J. Benedict's *Undine*, £73 18s. 9d. (Cock). Lot 117, Pissuti, Six Two-part Songs, £176 8s. (Novello). Lot 135, Modern Part-songs for Mixed Voices, £177 7s. 6d. (Lamborn Cock). Lots 215, 216, and 217, Bennett's First, Second, and Third Concertos, £67 6s. 4d. (A. Mills). Lots 218 and 219, Bennett's Fourth Concerto, and his Preludes and Lessons, Op. 33, £329 9s. (Ashdown & Parry). Lot 223, ditto, Three Diversions, Op. 17, £15 (ditto). Lots 225 and 226, ditto, Overtures, "Waldnymph" and "Naiades," £55 5s. 6d. (Augener). Lot 227, Six Songs, Op. 23, and Six Songs, Op. 35, £597 6s. (Novello). Lot 228, One hundred and twelve Chamber Trios, principally for Female voices, £800 (Ashdown & Parry).

Lot 247, Sir M. Costa's *Naaman*, £710 6s. 6d. (J. Williams). Lot 255, Hatton's "Song should breathe," £66 (Ashdown). Lot 269, Pinsuti, "Water Lily's Answer," £50 15s. (Cox). Lot 271, ditto, "Dreams, only dreams," £33 (Metzler). Lot 273, ditto, "By-and-by," £33 (Cox). Lot 276, ditto, "The Falling Star," £43 10s. (Cox). Lot 277, ditto, "Guardian Angels," £31 10s. (ditto). Lot 278, ditto, Six Songs, £150 (A. Mills). Lot 279, ditto, "Sleep in Peace," £32 16s. (Cox). Lot 280, ditto, "List'ning to the Singer," £39 (Metzler). Lot 310, Costa (Sir M.), "Ecco quel fiero istante," £37 (A. Mills). Lot 311, Donizetti, "La dea del Lago," £22 10s. (ditto). Lot 321, Lillo, "La Desolazione," £110 5s. (Ashdown). Lot 322, Marras, "Sio fossi un Angelo del Paradiso," £24 3s. (ditto). Lot 335, Thomas (J.), "Llewellyn," £156 10s. (Thomas). Lot 336, Vol. 4 of Welsh Melodies, £212 (ditto). Lot 348, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, £1,875 (Novello).

ENGLISH GLEE WRITERS.—An interesting lecture on "English Glee Writers" was delivered at the London Institution on Friday night, the 16th inst., by Mr W. A. Barrett, Mus. Doc., Oxon., before a crowded auditory. The lecture was illustrated with musical examples, contributed by a very efficient choir, including, amongst others, Mr Suter, Mr Coates, Mr Winn, and Mr Lewis Thomas. In opening his address Mr Barrett gave a careful and concise account of the origin of the word glee, which, in its musical connection, does not necessarily imply anything joyous, the music partaking of the nature of the words, whether their tendency be grave or gay. The title in all probability was handed down from the ancient English glee-men—bodies of men associated both for the performance of musical and other entertainments, dancing, tumbling, and "clowning" being included in their category. These glee-men knew nothing of the glee, and Mr Barrett conjectured that their specific title meant combination; and as their principal doings were musical the word "glee" was handed down with a new meaning—that of harmony in musical parts. The glee sprang from the madrigal, upon the decadence of the latter. "Sumer is icumen in" (A.D. 1250), a six-men's song, or madrigal in six parts, the earliest example of contrapuntal writing for voices, copied from one of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is the first instance of written English music, as well as the first evidence of fugue, catch, or canon, and is at least a hundred years, if not a couple of centuries, before any other composition of the kind. The effect of this primitive work is far from unpleasing to the ear, although rules now indispensable in the art of part-writing are infringed—the different voices, for instance, constantly coming in in consecutive fifths and octaves. The glee was essentially of home growth, and its characteristics were the employment of single voices to each part in the score and a greater independence of movement. Whereas the madrigal is constructed in one movement without break or alteration of rhythm, the glee is subdivided into as many sections as the composer deems suitable to the changing nature of the lyrics. Examples were given of glees by Thomas Weelkes (1578-1614) and Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) showing the transitory state of this form of writing, the songs partaking of the nature both of madrigal and glee. The first published glee was the "Turn, Amaryllis," of Thomas Brewer (1609-1676); but after this the title gained general acceptance. Dr Arne did much to foster the taste, but it was in the days of his successor, Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), that the glee was at its height. Webbe wrote 107 glees, besides other works, while his contemporaries ran him pretty close. Mr Barrett proceeded to trace the origin of glee clubs, and to pursue the development of the glee through its successive stages, instanced by excerpts from John Stafford Smith (1750-1836), Reginald Spofforth (1770-1827), Dr Callcott (1756-1821), Stephens (1769-1837), and William Horsley (1774-1858), down to Sir Henry Bishop, Thomas Attwood, Pearsall, and Sir John Goss, all of whom may be included amongst composers of the present century. The lecture was listened to with the greatest interest.

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3. DUET, "O my Aunt is very ill" - - - - -	2 0
4. TRIO, "He thought himself so clever" - - - - -	4 0
5. DUET and DANCE, "Let's be off, Sir, on the sly" - - - - -	3 0
6. TRIO, "So I must leave thee" - - - - -	4 0
7. DRINKING SONG, "Dearest, drink, yes, drink with me" - - - - -	3 0
7 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F - - - - -	3 0
8. FINALE, 1st ACT, "I'm not the Baron" - - - - -	3 0
9. BALLET MUSIC, composed by HAMILTON CLARKE - - - - -	
10. CHORUS, "Joy to night" - - - - -	3 0
11. SONG and CHORUS (<i>ad lib.</i>), "The Custom of my Country" - - - - -	3 0
12. LAUGHING SONG, "I never yet have ever met" - - - - -	3 0
12 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F - - - - -	3 0
13. DUET, "See him glaring" - - - - -	4 0
14. SONG, "Poland, oh how I love you" - - - - -	3 0
14 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in C - - - - -	3 0
15. FINALE, 2nd ACT, "Champagne, Sparkling Wine" - - - - -	4 0
16. SONG, "To-day we'll happy be" - - - - -	3 0
16 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F - - - - -	3 0
17. SONG, "Thus if a young maid I'm playing" - - - - -	4 0
17 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F - - - - -	4 0
18. FINALE, "To Baron here I'll give my hand" - - - - -	3 0

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